

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JUNE 25, 1938

WHO'S WHO

JOHN LAFARGE, our wandering Associate, ceased to be the Pilgrim of our pages some months ago, but continued to write his *Scrip and Staff* column. After a boyhood and young manhood spent largely in Europe, he ceased his ocean travels in 1905, on this side. Thirty-three years later, he is pilgrimaging in many European countries on assignments and duties for this Review. His narrative of the Eucharistic Congress in Budapest, including some wider observations, is his first official report. . . . LEONARD FEENEY supplements (too caustically?) his analysis of pagan Dad (June 27, 1937) by a scratching pen-picture of the better half. To get the proper perspective for his article this week, one must read his admiring pen-picture of another lady, *Elizabeth Seton: An American Woman*, just published in a full-length book-portrait. . . . CHARLES R. ROSENBERG comes to AMERICA for the first time. He was educated some twenty-five years ago at St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. After service in the World War, he was a promotion writer for the Curtis magazines, studied law and, at the time of his admission to the bar in 1927, was a father eight times (including twins twice). He has written extensively for legal, crime, business, general, etc., types of magazines. . . . DAVID GOLDSTEIN is the best-known Jewish convert from Marx to Christ. Since 1906 he has been lecturing against Socialism and Communism throughout the United States. He was the first street-speaker, with Martha Moore Avery, and now leads the Catholic Campaigners for Christ. He is the author of several books on Socialism.

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COMMENT

BLOCKADE is a motion picture presented by Walter Wanger under the imprint of United Artists. This Comment constitutes a free advertisement against the picture. We urge all Catholics and non-Catholics who oppose propaganda in the motion-picture industry to refuse to support the picture by refusing to buy tickets for it. There is a general issue and a specific issue involved in this refusal. *Blockade* does not violate the moral code accepted by the producers, and hence is not strictly within the scope of the Legion of Decency. But *Blockade* does violate an understanding with the public: namely, motion pictures must not be used as propagandistic mediums by partisan directors in hotly-debated questions. This picture is produced by Communists and Marxist ideologists. It deals with the Basques, as a conquered and devastated people, and the Spanish Nationalists as cruel aggressors against a Catholic population. The thesis is false, and the intent is insidiously malicious. Protest was made to United Artists against the picture even before it went into production; protests were continued through the filming and after it was completed. United Artists refused to heed the protests, though they have finally conceded to preface it with a prologue. We urge our readers, and Catholics especially, to refuse to support United Artists. The picture is being vehemently publicized by Communists, Leftists, Liberals and radicals for the Communist side in Spain. As such, we must combat the use being made of the picture and the picture itself, as well as the producing company. *Blockade* is significant as being the first picture to raise the question of propaganda issuing from Leftist brains in Hollywood. If determined action is taken against it, it will be the last. We exercise no censorship; we invoke our freedom as Americans and Catholics to register our protests. In refusing to pay to see the picture, we cast our vote against this new and dangerous tendency. For those who are curious to judge for themselves, it may be said that there is little to be curious about. Moreover, every cent spent for curiosity is a cent in favor of United Artists, Walter Wanger, Clifford Odets and the other propagandists.

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FRANCO has again offered to the people of Spain an honorable peace. After the capture of Castellon de la Plana, he declared once more that he would grant generous treatment to all combatants who had opposed him in the field. He asserted that all those who have no common-law crimes against them have nothing to fear from his Government. That General Franco will treat the civilian and the purely military population of the dwindling Loyalist territory with humanity and justice can be judged by the treatment he has accorded the popu-

lation in the territories he has already recovered. Whatever this civil war may have been in the beginning, it is no longer a war between the people of Spain. It is a war forced on the people by a desperate and stubborn group of die-hard fanatics. Valencia and Madrid cannot hold out against Franco; Barcelona eventually must capitulate or be demolished. Franco cannot be forced to give up the seventy per cent of Spain he now holds. The Loyalist-Communist regime is doomed. Why are the lives of the soldiers uselessly sacrificed, why are the women and children forced to starve and to die with disease, why must more villages be leveled and more cities shattered, why must these horrors and iniquities be continued? There is human hell in Loyalist Spain, there is peace and order in Nationalist Spain. The people of Loyalist Spain are held enslaved by a minority of unrelenting leaders. Franco offers peace, honorably, to his Spanish people who are separated from their brother Spaniards. The crime of continuing a hopeless warfare is on the heads of the Barcelona Government.

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DESPITE the urgency of the nation's railroad problem Congress adjourned last week without doing anything about it. Administration leaders frequently advertised that serious consideration was being given to the question, that something had to be done at once to relieve the present distress of the rail carriers; yet the session ended with the tabling of all prospective legislation. Just how long the roads can continue to operate with the amassing red figures on the balance sheet is impossible to predicate. Perhaps, after all, it was better for the present Congress to table the whole question rather than enact some half-hearted measures, passed hurriedly and inadvisably, that in the long run would prove detrimental both to railroad employees and capital investment. With last-minute consideration of the wages-and-hours bill demanding concentrated effort, and the growing anxiety of a number of our legislators to be about their own campaign interests, Congress had neither the time nor the will to give the railroad question the attention the situation demanded. Meanwhile, with the advent of several new streamliners on the scene, it is to be hoped that Congressional apathy is not forcing us to witness a *morituri salutamus* spectacle.

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IN its leading editorial, *A Way of Life*, nearly two full columns in length, the *New York Times* (June 15) tells the world that "the American people are not neutral now in any situation which involves the risk of war, nor will they remain neutral in any future situation which threatens to disturb the bal-

ance of world power." Very condescendingly, even to details, we are further duly informed even of the "most it it will mean to Americans." "At most it will mean, as it meant in 1917, a decision on the part of the United States to intervene." Just at the end is the editorial's absolute knowledge of the future lessened to a moment's probability: "and in the long run more likely than not the physical power of the United States—will be found on the side of those nations, etc." Before embarking on the transport, some American cannon fodder for foreign soils may be heard to whisper that he preferred a Way of Life outlined in the Ludlow resolution. . . . On the same June 15, our Secretary of State made a comment and refused to make a comment. The occasion of the *tempus tacendi* was the fact that only Finland and Hungary (no pun intended) had paid their 1937 war debts to the now unneutral Uncle Sam. The defaulting nations included some of our future allies as described in the unfinished quotation above: ". . . in the long run more likely than not the physical power of the United States will be found on the side of those nations defending a way of life which is our own way of life and the only way of life which Americans believe to be worth living." In private life people who refuse to pay their debts are not called exemplary. . . . The *tempus loquendi* for Mr. Hull was the same editorial. He was quoted in a Special to the *Times* as commenting favorably at his press conference on the editorial: "He had read the editorial with special interest, adding that it was fair indication of the increased thought and interest being taken in this country concerning foreign affairs." Will Mr. Hull take time out to tell some 120 millions of thoughtful and interested Mr. Ludlows just who are back of the 1938 war propaganda?

TIS a rare day in June when the press does not record a sensational statement from an address to college graduates. A catchy paradox attractively alliterated will make the headlines in the local press with a good chance of its being accepted by the Associated Press. A pleasant return to the traditional role of the humanistic wisdom was had, however, in the academically forthright advice given by President Compton of Massachusetts Institute of Technology to his 1938 graduates: "Far and away the most important things which a college course can do for a student are just two: To train him how to acquire knowledge and instil in him a life-long habit of learning." Fortunate the collegian whose diploma marks his graduation from formal courses of studies to the Commencement of self-education!

BARCELONA propagandists are a most optimistic and soft-speaking lot. Whenever the Loyalist-Communist troops are in full flight, in total rout, the Barcelona spokesmen report "the withdrawal of troops to stronger positions." Whenever Franco's troops pause in the pursuit for a few hours to eat, or a few days to draw up munitions, the Barcelona

officials boast that the Rebels have been halted, definitely stopped, quite defeated. Whenever an air-battle is fought, the Barcelona sky-gazers see only Italian and German planes, forty of them usually beaten off by fourteen Spanish Loyalists. Whenever a Loyalist city is bombed, the Barcelona experts announce that the Franco fliers dropped tons of explosives and crackled rounds of machine-gunfire on infants and little girls and boys, implying that the Franco fighters had no interest whatsoever in military objectives. Two days after the Nationalists had completely taken Castellon de la Plana, Barcelona brightly tells the Barcelonistas that "the enemy pressed strongly in the sector, where heroic fighting is going on." When the admission was finally made, the Barcelona optimists announced that their troops inflicted such heavy losses on the Franco forces that the defeat had lost much of its sting. The plain truth is that the Barcelona propagandists, and some foreign correspondents, lie until they are found out, and then lie some more to make one forget their previous lies.

THIS paragraph will probably turn out to be rather technical, but, as we said several weeks ago, there ought to be a standard terminology which the Catholic press can employ when it refers to American Catholics with names like Arakelian or Zadorozny or Babuti. You see, the Catholic Church has six rites, twelve (maybe thirteen or fourteen) liturgical languages, and about twenty-two groups, and there ought to be a definite nomenclature first of all to distinguish Catholics from non-Catholics, and then, each group of Catholics from the others. So we start with an easy description: A Catholic is one who accepts the Pope; a non-Catholic is one not in unity with the Pope. Catholics are divided into Roman Catholics and Oriental Catholics—the latter, of course, being just as Catholic as any Knight of Columbus named Patrick J. Murphy. If it is necessary in a press story, as it sometimes is, to distinguish one kind of Oriental Catholic from another, we can omit the general term *Oriental*, state baldly that our man is a Catholic (and so accepts the Pope), and then, within parenthesis, note the particular group to which he belongs. Thus we shall get sentences like these: "Mr. Zuck is a Catholic (Ukrainian). . . . This little structure is a Catholic (Maronite) church. . . . Yesterday hundreds heard the Kraper tongue at the Catholic (Armenian) Mass. . . . The Pope was praised in a sermon by the Rev. J. J. Avraham, the Catholic (Chaldean) pastor." The basic point in all this is that the word *Catholic* is always mentioned and always means unity with Rome. On the other hand, if we wrote: "Premier Hodza received Communion at the Byzantine Mass," our readers will not know whether the Mass and the Premier are Catholic or Orthodox or what. Several months ago the press reported that King Zog's sisters attended a Byzantine Royal Mass at the Albanian church in Philadelphia. To be sure, the princesses are Mohammedans, but was the church they went to Catholic or Orthodox?

CHRIST, KING OF LOVE, BORNE THROUGH WORLD OF HATE

Lions roar and a nation adores its Lord

JOHN LaFARGE, S. J.

THOSE who read of the great international Eucharistic Congresses, as they occur every two years moving over the globe, look more for their distinctive features than for what they have in common. The shock of novelty has gradually lessened. Huge open-air Pontifical Masses; midnight adorations; confessions and distribution of Holy Communion in the public square; vast gatherings of pilgrims from every quarter of the globe, have become part of our international Catholic life. They are just as important, just as moving, just as wonderful now that they are not wholly novel; and the fact that we are in a sense used to them is really more extraordinary, when you come to think of it, than any mere ability to gape.

For fairyland effects, for certain limitless expansions of display and emotion, we rather look to the countries where the Faith is new, to those lands which are or have recently been mission countries. There are certain demonstrations one can expect in Buenos Aires, Manila, Adelaide, or even in the United States which old Europe cannot so easily provide. For that very reason, comparisons are misleading. But contrasts can teach much.

What met the eye and the ear at Budapest was indeed sublime. The city itself is one of the loveliest in the world; as near perfection in site and structure as any city that exists. The big facts are simplicity itself. Buda is a rock; not one of those worn-down little eminences that underly some of the world's famous centers: the Mount of this or the Hill of that; but a couple of huge volcanic blocks whose green-clad cliffs beetle down over the heart of the city. Flowing past Buda's feet is the Danube, which bears more world politics on its surface than any river on the globe. Across the Danube stretch mighty bridges, and connect Buda with Pest, a huge modern city of over a million inhabitants, built around its old quarters; with all that indescribable solidity, cheerfulness, general air of space and well-being that belong to cities of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Facing Buda, across the Danube, is that superb line of Hungary's national buildings which have been the delight of postcard senders for generations. Heroes' Square, *Hősök-tér*, where the principal open-air exercises were held, was just as complete, as satisfying as were the

great outlines of the city itself. The Pontifical altar was not merely raised; it was high in the air, wholly visible from every conceivable point.

As far as I could tell, there was no one who was not touched to the heart with the reverence, devotion and simplicity of the Hungarian people, from the highest prelates, statesmen, public officials to the humblest peasants. Even the non-Catholic Hungarians, of whom there are a considerable proportion, including the Regent himself, seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion. Here we seemed to be living in a land of faith. There was little excitement; it was all just taken for granted. The Hungarians, like many other Central Europeans, are not so much demonstrative as they are intense and passionate. There were comparatively few *viva's*. They sang the melancholy old Magyar hymns very sweetly and soberly. (One marvels through this part of the world at the pure sweet voices of women and boys. In some of the churches in Prague I counted some dozen of each who sang as though trained, yet they were but part of the congregation.) But everywhere, on every occasion, the same passionate reverence.

At the very crossing of the border something gripped your heart at the thought that there was a nation itself venerating the Holy Eucharist. The first intimation of Hungary, as I came south from Bratislava in Czechoslovakia, were the letters SZOB (the frontier station) in blue neon lights against the darkness, and the Papal flag beside them. The pilgrims who entered Vienna were greeted by children offering flowers. When the delegation from Ireland arrived a Hungarian official made a nice little speech to them in Magyar, which, unfortunately, few of the Irish understood. In the kindness of their hearts they burst out with *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow* and the Magyars stood at reverent attention, thinking, no doubt, that it was one of Ireland's ancient and sacred hymns.

There never was any great fuss or pretense. Nobles, magnates and high Government and army officials donned their incredibly gorgeous costumes and appeared in their proper places at the proper time. Every house was decorated with the red, white and green Hungarian colors, and everywhere were Papal flags. But not for a moment did you lose

sight of the great Guest for whose holy sake all this finery was displayed. It was His Day, and the Chalice and Host dominated all. The Regent and his charming Catholic wife, Parliament, municipality, all branches and classes and professions and functions of life were honoring the Hidden King, each in their own way.

On the morning of the final Pontifical Mass, which was followed by the radio address of the Holy Father, late-comers walked through the streets and traffic of a great city to the sound of the *Gloria* and *Credo*. It was not the city respecting the Mass or tolerating the Mass. It was the whole city in and part of the Mass. When the Consecration of the Mass came, the silence was long, for there was but a moderate degree of singing. But it was absolute silence in that interminable throng. Each person in his or her place, and each one utterly silent, so that you heard the crickets chirp. Yes; and you also heard the lions roar. For the Zoo is next to Heroes' Square; and the keepers, I imagine, for once in their conscientious lives had forgotten their charges in the zeal for a greater Lion. So the poor old beasts lifted up their voices in Budapest as King David heard them do thirty centuries ago in the Holy Land, and gave an unconscious tribute to the Lord. They also symbolized what was going on behind the scenes.

Not what you saw, not what you heard, but what you neither saw nor heard was the distinctive mark of the Budapest Eucharistic Congress. Evident, glorious, resplendent, lifting up each person in its intoxicating embrace was the Mystery of Love. That love overflowed from the High Altar, from the altars of every one of the city's churches, transformed and fired each individual soul in the supernatural union of the eating and drinking of the Body and Blood of the Lord. That love was explained, heralded, in countless discourses, in nearly every language of civilization. It shone in the faces of innumerable communicants. It washed away guilt; gave youth to the old and wisdom to the young; blotted out all distinctions of class and nation; united us with all ages and times. As said one fine Catholic layman, John Moody of New York, the Holy Eucharist was the one unchanging bond between all the ages from Christ's time to our own.

But there was another mystery that fought against that love. No words can express the surprise, the utter grief and dismay of the Congress, its promoters and its participants, in knowing that the entire people of Germany and Austria, their clergy and their Hierarchy, had been forbidden by the Berlin Government to come to the Congress. Just to emphasize their attitude the Reich authorities allowed 3,000 Germans to come to the national Saint Stephen celebration that took place Monday after the Congress. Amply evident was the animus that lay behind this prohibition. Pilgrim after pilgrim told of their experiences; the trifling, yet alarming vexations that accompanied them. At Budapest was revealed to the outside world what gradually had been dawning upon those who clung to the last straw of hope within the Reich and what is now added to the Reich—that there is no longer

a question of mere totalitarianism, as that is commonly understood, or even of extreme totalitarianism, or of any attack upon so-called political Catholicism, but of an utterly implacable warfare upon Christ Himself.

The object of attack in the Thirty-fourth International Eucharistic Congress was not merely the doctrines, as such, of the Catholic Church; nor yet merely the attitude and practices of Catholics. The attack was aimed, and still continues to be aimed, at Christ, as at one Whose Kingship is intolerable for those who would establish themselves in His own place.

Corresponding to the tension created by the atmosphere of hate that stood like a wall without, was the tension created by the situation within. For Hungary has become a unified nation only at terrific cost and is still under a tremendous strain. The well-known revision questions are still a burning issue. Everyone can tell of the blunders committed in the past, but no one, in Czechoslovakia or in Hungary, seems to be able to say exactly what ought to be done about it all in the future. But for the time being the paramount question is of the social and industrial structure of the nation itself. Grappling on the one hand with the economic miseries created by the political situation, the nation struggles to create a new social order within, which shall be not after the familiar totalitarian recipe, but of a better and more Christian kind. Once the religious celebrations are over, said the new Premier, the Catholic Dr. Imredi, they will need to get down to business. In this process they must reckon with destructive forces that once held Hungary in a brief reign of terror under the Communist Béla Kún and that ever and anon cause anxiety. They must reckon, too, with Nazi sympathizers within their borders, with the terrific emotional leverage that Nazidom enjoys through its virulent anti-Semitic program and its drastic appeal to pagan racialism.

Some were rather disappointed with the much-heralded river procession Thursday night upon the Danube. They had expected caravels and celestial barges and all they saw were ordinary river steamers, such as you might see on the Hudson or the Ohio rivers, brilliantly decked out with rows of electric bulbs. The Palace and other historic buildings were flood-lighted; there were some purple search-lights radiating from the citadel; but the rest of the scene was mostly in darkness. The night was cold and lowering, and the wind blew through the bones of those who had not armed themselves with wraps or rugs.

Yet I would not have had the river procession any different except to have had less explanation—much of which, alas, was lost on the most of us—and more devotion and devotions over the loud-speakers in which we could all have joined. When the steamer carrying the Blessed Sacrament did come in sight, it was unlike anything that I have yet seen. Just one brilliant locomotive headlight marked off from its predecessors the steamer that bore the Lord. On the top deck, at the highest and most forward point, was the glass chamber in which

knelt the Papal Legate, Cardinal Pacelli, with the monstrance and the red robes gleaming. The passage was swift; it was a steamer, not a barge; a passage of blinding light through almost utter darkness, against the grim background of Buda's rock, fiercely bright with love against a world mountainous with hate. But it was Christ the King passing. It was as if He were struggling to throw off the obscurity and lowliness in which He has rested these two thousand years; as if the time had come when the outlines of that Divine Person, that tremendous personality, would no longer lie, as it were, known only to the humble and lowly and the men and women of interior life, but would emerge as dominant over the whole world scene. As living history now reveals the mystery of iniquity, so also must the full height and grandeur of the God-Man appear in the world's historic process.

Strange, here in Central Europe, that the terrific wars, the dynastic and religious conflicts that have shaken and refashioned these lands a hundred times since Christendom's dawn, reaching their fiercest passions in the Thirty Years' War, the World War and the various Bolshevik revolutions; that all these changes and upheavals should be powerless to efface the memory of those passionately creative personalities which stamped these nations as their own. Bohemia still lives under the spell of Charles IV and his castle of Karlstein, of Saint Wenceslas, Saint Ludmilla, and Saint John of Nepomuk. As I write these lines, the Sacred Right Hand of Saint Stephen, Hungary's founder and monarch, has set out upon its commemorative tour of the nation. Slovakia lives by Saints Cyril and Methodius. Is it persons or issues which dominate today this perplexing scene? Issues, for men must eat and live; issues, for men are governed by ideas. Yet persons are dominating these issues; are seizing them and using them for their own purposes, and molding millions with their interpretation of them.

The Hungarian language is the most uncompromising national language in Europe. It is distinct and clear to the limit, is pronounced exactly as written and is correspondingly impossible for the rest of the world to understand. The uncompromising ways of the Magyars with their language have caused many heartburnings and doubtless some very genuine grievances in the past. But today the land, the tongue and the people stand like a rock against that terrible absorption that threatens to engulf all rights of the human personality for individuals and for nations. Hungary threw off one such assault—from the East. Will she hold against another—from the West? The drama of Christ's Kingdom is being fought out in Central Europe. The power of Saint Stephen's Right Hand will go far beyond the limits of the Leitha and the Danube. Never before, said Pope Pius XI, quoted by his Legate on Sunday, was there such a crisis, such a dramatic struggle; and no merely earthly weapons could suffice.

A closer view of some of the elements in this conflict I shall leave to a subsequent article; for there are more threads to be disentangled than at first sight appear. May it not be thought ungracious, but rather in the spirit of a tribute to the marvelous

wisdom and meticulous care of those devoted prelates, priests and laymen who have organized the Congress, if I note briefly a couple of generally expressed desiderata.

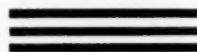
First of all, let us give up once and for all the idea of trying to accommodate all the priests who wish to say Mass in the existing churches and at the existing altars of the Congress city. Large convention halls should be fitted up with ready-made altars, several thousand, if necessary. Then, let there be some central registration bureau where one, at least the visiting clergy and delegates of various organizations, can readily find out one another's whereabouts. Then there will be, I believe, some modifications needed in the concept of the Congress itself. Of this also, more anon.

Allowing, however, for these minor matters—and nothing is perfect under the sun—let us all vote, as all I heard and saw did vote, that the Budapest Congress was sublime, that it was a manifestation of limitless goodness and charity on the part of God and man, and that all of us enjoyed the wonderful hospitality of Hungary's finest, which means all of her people that we came across.

Let also not forget that what is done in Central Europe is what ultimately will be done in all Europe, in the whole world, and in the United States. The future of Christianity and of civilization is being fought out in the unseen spiritual world that hovers over the waters of the Danube as they flow to the Black Sea. The homage rendered, the Grace given this week at Budapest may prove to have been the life-line for a sinking world.

SPAIN'S FOREIGN ALLIES

ARNOLD LUNN



THE Spanish Nationalists are very simple people. At the outbreak of the war they were naive enough to hope that Protestants, no less than Catholics, would support them in their campaign against men who had murdered thousands of priests and who had destroyed or closed every church in the territory under their control. They were not only pained but surprised by those peculiar manifestos in which hundreds of American ministers lined up with the Spanish Reds.

The Nationalists had not, of course, allowed for the inherited Puritanism of men who have no understanding of, and therefore no love for, the culture of Catholic Europe.

Again, the Nationalists in their simplicity imagined that enlightened progressives who are always advertising their enthusiasm for culture and art would instinctively range themselves on the side of those who are defending the artistic heritage of Spain from "frenzied primitives" whose hatred of culture is as venomous as their detestation of religion.

When the Reds hacked in pieces the statue of Our Lady before which Columbus knelt before setting sail to discover America, the Nationalists expected an outburst of generous indignation from the citizens of the continent which Spain discovered and civilized.

The Nationalists would, I think, have enjoyed more support in Great Britain and the States had their cause not been supported by Mussolini and Hitler.

"How can Franco," I was often asked, "claim to be fighting for Christian civilization when he accepts the help of Hitler, who is persecuting Christians?"

To this question the best answer takes the form of another question: "How could Britain and America claim to have fought for democracy in the Great War in view of the fact that they fought as allies of Tsarist Russia?"

If my house is burgled I ring up the police, but I do not insist that no policeman shall be sent whose religious and political views are not identical with my own.

Socialists conveniently forget that Russian intervention antedated Italian by two years. In 1934 Moscow subsidized a revolution in the Asturias and landed seventy cases of arms. Those people, who are today denouncing Franco for rising against the legitimate Government, denounced the legitimate Government in 1934 for suppressing a rebellion organized by a foreign power.

Every Red defeat in this war is followed by a spate of lies purporting to report the landing of Italians or Germans. Now it is, of course, impossible for Italians or Germans to land in any number in Spain without British agents and consuls in Spain being made aware of this fact. The Reds have organized an efficient secret service in Nationalist territory whose principal duty is to report the arrival of Italians and Germans. Even those who assume that Mussolini is not only a liar but an impudent liar, and who reject with scorn his explicit statement that the number of Italians in Spain has never exceeded 40,000, will perhaps hesitate to accuse Mr. Chamberlain of stooping to falsehood in order to refute the Duchess of Atholl's charge that Italian troops were being landed in great numbers. Said Mr. Chamberlain:

I can only say that on every occasion when these reports contained sufficient detail to enable them to be verified by His Majesty's Government they have been found either to be entirely incorrect or so improbable as to afford a virtual certainty that they were incorrect. In fact, they appear for the most part to have been fabricated by an interested source, and do not tally with the information which is in possession of His Majesty's Government.

Her Grace of Atholl is an energetic transmitter of statements which, to quote the Prime Minister, appear "to have been fabricated by an interested source," but she has not yet mastered the terminology of Red propaganda. The Editor of the *Fortnightly Review* is a more advanced pupil of his masters. Note, for instance, his use of the word "official" in the following quotation from the April issue: "The actual official figures of non-Spanish

land forces according to a recent estimate made after careful investigation are: Italians, 160,000..."

My own official, infallible and authoritative calculations are based on conversations with Italians both in Italy and in Spain. The number of Italians in Spain has decreased substantially in the last six months. They never exceeded 40,000. The Italians in Spain consist of a small number of regular officers who applied for and obtained leave on full pay, and a large number of genuine volunteers. We do not find it difficult to believe that thousands of British and Americans should have volunteered to fight against Fascism, and if we had had a dose of Communism in our own country we should find it easier to understand the crusading enthusiasm which has sent thousands of Italian volunteers to Spain. But there is not an unlimited supply of men who are prepared to risk death in a crusade, and so it is not surprising that both sides have had great difficulty in keeping their volunteer battalions up to strength. There is no shred of evidence to support the myth that Italy has sent regular units of her army to Spain.

During the battle for the sea I saw four Russian tanks which had been captured on the previous day. I drove to Epila with two Spaniards; the former had been brought down—fortunately just behind the Nationalist lines—by anti-aircraft fire directed, as was subsequently discovered, by French officers. The correspondent of *Le Jour* reports in the issue of April 21 that he had seen in seven days sixty-seven tanks and twenty-six airplanes pass from France into Spain across the Col du Perthus.

The fact is, of course, that both sides in Spain have had no difficulty in importing from abroad such ammunition as they were prepared to pay for. At the beginning of the war the Madrid Government was in the fortunate position of being able to use the gold reserves of the Madrid banks for the purchase of ammunition. There is today hardly an airplane, on either side in Spain, which has not been imported from abroad.

Many champions of the Barcelona Government are lacking in candor. They attack non-intervention and demand the reopening of the Pyrenean frontier which has never been closed. What they really desire is that Barcelona should be free to receive arms from Russia and France, but that the British Navy should blockade the coasts of Nationalist Spain. Our extremists are indeed prepared to risk a European war to save Barcelona, but are too wise to admit the motive that inspires this campaign.

The only effect of this misjudged campaign is to prolong a hopeless resistance. Many of the prisoners recently captured have been confident that the Nationalists would be ultimately defeated, because they believed their leaders who had assured them that British and French Socialists were campaigning for an open declaration of war against the Nationalists.

There would be less prejudice against the Nationalists in this country if our countrymen had not been deceived by propaganda which represents Spain as the natural enemy of Great Britain and the United States.

COURTS THAT ARE NOT COURTS INCREASE UNDER ROOSEVELT

An inquiry into the status of quasi-judicial bodies

CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR.

STIRRED by Secretary Wallace's sharp criticism of "judicial interference with administrative functions," political commentators on the Washington scene have been quick to forecast a renewal of the Administration's fight on the Supreme Court. Yet, rather strangely, they have missed, or at least, ignored what in some respects are the most significant facts in the whole situation—significant, that is, for the ordinary citizen.

Out of the cross-fire of words between the Secretary of Agriculture and the Court emerges once more the perennial problem of "quasi-judicial" functions in our Government. Secretary Wallace evidently feels that the procedure and findings of a quasi-judicial body or official should not be subject to review by the courts. The Supreme Court, in the *Kansas City Stockyards* case, takes the view that elementary fair play is the due of the citizen appearing before a quasi-judicial officer or organization, specifically, that he should be given an adequate opportunity to present in detail his side of the case.

Here is no musty legal technicality but a principle upon whose protection a citizen's vital rights and interests may well depend. Quasi-judicial determination of the rights and obligations of citizens is no new thing in our Government, but of late it has grown by leaps and bounds. A quasi-judicial tribunal is an official or a body that is not a court but which functions as if it were a court with respect to the persons and subject matter within its jurisdiction. Prominent among the Federal quasi-judicial bodies are the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the National Labor Relations Board, the Federal Power Commission, the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Maritime Commission.

These and similar bodies which function as isolated and self-contained units are known, in the Washington jargon, as independent organizations. This means simply that they are not attached to or controlled by any of the regular executive departments under the President. Such bodies exercise, for the most part, powers that are a blend, as it were, of judicial and administrative functions fixed and determined by statute. Ordinarily, too, litigants before such organizations are by law given

the right to appeal an unfavorable decision to the Federal courts.

Yet there are other quasi-judicial bodies in our Government which are part and parcel of the executive branch and whose functions are quite definitely administrative. Many of them are administrative boards of review which pass on rulings of departmental officials. The Board of Tax Appeals, which hears appeals from the decisions of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, is a prominent example. Other boards act as fact-finding bodies and assemble data on which administrative officers base their action. Some of the boards in the War and Navy Departments are of this character. In some instances, an administrative head of a department has "quasi-judicial" powers.

It was probably of such departmental officials and bodies that Secretary Wallace was thinking when he voiced his protest against "administrative functions" being interfered with by the courts; possibly because the Department of Agriculture has received more grants of quasi-judicial power than any other executive department. So long as the decisions of a quasi-judicial body or officer affect only the internal administrative mechanism of the Government, perhaps the courts have no cause to interfere with them. But what of a quasi-judicial board or individual with power to regulate the rights and activities of citizens? What of a body or official who orders a citizen to reduce the acreage he puts under cultivation, or to change the terms on which he is selling his merchandise? What, in short, of quasi-judicial bodies or officers with power to abridge, perhaps even to destroy, valuable property rights of citizens?

Unquestionably, a quasi-judicial body or even an administrative officer may be clothed with the power to determine, conclusively, the rights and obligations of citizens under laws administered by such body or officer. A prominent example of this was a tax law of earlier years which empowered the executive branch of the government to determine the amounts of tax due from citizens and to enforce the collection of the amounts thus fixed by issuing so-called distress warrants, without the intervention of the courts. In a test case brought under this law, the Supreme Court upheld the prin-

ciple of administrative determinations of quasi-judicial character, saying:

The prompt payment of taxes is always important to the public welfare. It may be vital to the existence of the government. The idea that every taxpayer is entitled to the delays of litigation is unreasonable. If the laws here in question involve any wrong or unnecessary harshness, it was for the Congress, or the people who make congresses, to see that the evil was corrected. The remedy does not lie with the judicial branch of the government. (*Springer vs. United States*, 102 U. S., 586).

While Congress may as a matter of policy give dissatisfied citizens the right to appeal to the courts from adverse decisions of administrative officials and quasi-judicial bodies, it is by no means essential under the Constitution that the personal and property rights of citizens be determined, ultimately, by courts of law. As in the collection of taxes, speed and efficiency in other activities may be vital to the Government's very existence. Thus it is that the rapidly increasing number and complexity of governmental functions tend to emphasize the importance, if not the necessity, of vesting the power of decision in the various administrative arms of the Government.

Secretary Wallace, therefore, is not without precedent or reason in his contention that administrative officers should have a free hand in the exercise of such functions. The Supreme Court itself, in the decision above quoted, has in effect told the people that if they dislike a law which gives quasi-judicial powers to an administrative official or body, their only redress is to change the law, through Congress.

If the vesting of such powers in administrative officials, boards and commissions sounds ominously like the creation of an arbitrary, autocratic bureaucracy, citizens should not too hurriedly conclude that the protection of "due process of law" guaranteed by the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution is an empty mockery. The "due process" clause is a mighty and effective defense against the infringement of a citizen's rights, but it may operate through administrative officials and quasi-judicial bodies as well as through the courts. Long ago the Supreme Court unanimously decided that the words "due process of law" as found in the Fifth Amendment do not necessarily imply a regular proceeding in a court of justice or "after the manner of such courts." (*Murray vs. Hoboken Land Co.*, 18 Howard, 272).

As far back as 1878 the Supreme Court, while recognizing the desirability of a definition of "due process of law" which would be "at once perspicuous, comprehensive and satisfactory," observed that "there is wisdom in the ascertaining of the intent and application of such an important phrase in the Federal Constitution by the gradual process of judicial inclusion and exclusion as the cases presented for decision shall require, with the reasoning on which such decisions may be founded." (*Davidson vs. New Orleans*, 96 U. S., 97).

Historically, any procedure following the settled usages and modes of the Common Law or accepted American practice would doubtless satisfy the re-

quirements of due process of law. Yet, even a novel procedure adopted by a quasi-judicial officer or body would be due process so long as it preserved the essential rights that have been guaranteed by the Constitution.

The Supreme Court in a rather loose definition stated:

By due process of law is meant one which, following the forms of law, is appropriate to the case and just to the parties to be affected. It must be pursued in the ordinary mode prescribed by law, it must be adapted to the end to be attained, and whenever it is necessary for the protection of the parties, it must give them an opportunity to be heard. The clause, therefore, means that there can be no proceeding against life, liberty or property which may result in deprivation of either, without the observance of those general rules established in our system of jurisprudence for the security of private rights. (*Hagar vs. Reclamation District*, 111 U. S., 701).

A survey of "those general rules" indicates that they include due notice to the parties, an opportunity to appear and present evidence, and probably also the right to cross-examine adverse witnesses. (*Fong Yue Ting vs. U. S.*, 149 U. S., 698). As Chief Justice Hughes put it in the *Kansas City Stockyards* case, citizens appearing before quasi-judicial officers and bodies are entitled to "a full and fair hearing in accordance with the cherished tradition embodying the basic concepts of fair play."

Yet even a scrupulous observance of these procedural formalities by quasi-judicial organizations may not necessarily result in justice and "fair play" to the citizen affected. The findings of fact resulting from such a proceeding might be erroneous or, even if supported by evidence, the facts as found may not be sufficient in law to warrant administrative action which will prove adverse to the citizen involved.

Such a situation arose in a case where the Postmaster General excluded a certain company from the use of the mails on the ground that its operations were fraudulent. Admittedly, the Postmaster General had the authority to determine the exclusion of fraudulent mail without judicial aid or interference. Nevertheless, the Supreme Court decided that the Postmaster General's order excluding so-called fraudulent mail must be based on facts supported by evidence and not on his personal decision as to the fraudulent nature of the defendant citizen's business. (*American School vs. McAnulty*, 187 U. S., 94).

Thus quasi-judicial determinations of the rights and obligations of citizens by administrative officers or organizations by no means imply government by official ukase. Seemingly contrary expressions of opinion by Secretary Wallace and the Supreme Court do not necessarily argue that a bitter controversy impends. In many instances administrative officers and bodies do have the power of final decision over contentions between citizen and government. All that the Supreme Court insists upon is the "fair play" guaranteed by the Fifth Amendment. However, when violation of rights guaranteed by the Constitution can be shown, the courts can and should act to protect the citizen.

COME INTO MY PARLOR PRAYS THE COMMUNIST SPIDER

But the Catholic says, Oh! wait a minute, please

DAVID GOLDSTEIN

MOSCOW has its American Charlie McCarthys ventriloquously doing the spider-and-fly act in order to ingulf Catholics into the maelstrom of their Marxian-Stalin atheistic whirlpool.

"Won't you come into my parlor?" say they to the Catholics. "Oh, do come in! You'll be given a warm welcome. We Communists have the greatest respect and friendly feeling toward Christians. You know that Christianity drew its original strength from the Communism practiced by the early Christians which is recorded in *The Acts of the Apostles*. Surely, if you want to carry forward their best traditions you should participate actively with us against the modern anti-Christ Fascism. Communism, far from being alien to Christianity, is an integral part of the Christian tradition."

Thus are Catholics cleverly invited to form a united front with Communists for the "defense of Americanism against Fascism." Communists know well enough that the possession of goods in common by some early Christians was no more Communism than the collective ownership of churches, monasteries, schools and personal belongings by the Dominicans, Franciscans, Benedictines, Jesuits and other religious groups today is Communism. They know that the community ownership of the first century was voluntary, and not compulsory as it is in the U. S. S. R. They know that the selling by those early Christians of "all their possessions and goods" was an evidence that they recognized the right of individuals and families to buy and thus to own private property, something that Communism denies. They know that those first-century Christians united and lived together for service and not to conduct industry, that they had Jesus Christ and not a Karl Marx as their guide.

This spider-and-fly performance is intended to entangle into Stalinism those Catholics who may not be acquainted with the webs that the Red-Revolutionists endeavor to weave around unsuspecting lovers of God and country. If Catholics were so simple-minded as to be unsuspectingly flattered into the Communist parlor, they would find its walls decorated with paintings and its shelves filled with the writings of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, well-known exponents of Socialist teachings. The first two named wrote the foundation principles of

Socialism, while the other two applied them on a national scale in the Union of Soviet Republics.

Once within the Soviet spider's habitation, the unsuspecting Catholics would no doubt look within the well-thumbed books, deliberately made easily accessible for them. Having the Catholic sense that subconsciously feels qualities that are anti-Christian, they would gradually begin to realize that by "anti-Christ Fascism" and "carrying forward the traditions of the early Christians," the subtle enemy mean the inoculation of Catholics with the four-square Socialism of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin.

Poor priest-ridden Catholics! They believe in God; they believe that they have souls that came directly from God, souls that were made in the image of God. Poor Catholics! They believe they have free will, and that therefore they are morally bound to think and act according to unchangeable principles that God gave them through Moses, the prophets, Jesus Christ and the Catholic Church. With these beliefs engraved in their minds and hearts, the Catholics could not help but see through those authoritative Socialist writings that the specious claim to have "the greatest respect and friendship towards Christians" is but a skilfully woven web from the entrails of Socialism.

Once within the Soviet parlor, the unsophisticated Catholics will be asked to read the books and to find out for themselves what Communists really believe. "We have great respect for your belief. That belief was doubtlessly the best for the people hundreds of years ago, when they led a primitive existence, but times have progressed and they are not suitable during the present machine age, the age of capitalism, when the heel of economic royalists is on the neck of the exploited proletariat. Read the books! Therein you will learn that Marx came into the world during the age of Darwin, that what Darwin did in the world of biology, Marx did in the world of economics. Both proved man to be an evolved and not a created being. One proved that man's body came from an old-world monkey, the other that the principles, morals, family and civil institutions evolved from an old-world past, through struggles for existence and the resultant transformations brought about by the conflict of classes. My dear Catholics, we wish we could call you 'Com-

rades.' While you are witty and wise, it has not yet dawned upon you that it was not God who made man in His image, but rather it was man who made his gods in his own image, as Joseph Deitzgen, our Socialist philosopher, proved many years ago. Free will? Ah, do wake up! That's a myth; it is a teaching imposed by the upper classes upon the lower classes in order to exploit the proletariat by making them believe that they individually, instead of society, are responsible for the struggles, strife and sufferings of the world. That is the way the capitalists get you Catholics to look for your heaven in the sky, by and by. We want our heaven here and now. And it is here already in the great twentieth-century democracy, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

"Read on, my Catholic brothers. The trouble with you Catholics is that you have been reading the Bible and catechisms, Saint Thomas Aquinas, and some of those medievalistic encyclicals of Popes. For instance, you have been taught that God designed the monogamic family, one man and one wife; that God made them two in one flesh; that once married you are always married, with no chance to get a new mate, no matter what happens while husband and wife both live. Shucks! Marx and Engels proved that to be all buncombe. It was private property that brought the monogamic family into existence. It was due to the desire of some remote savage, centuries ago, to have a legal, legitimate heir to whom he could pass down his overplus of fishhooks and arrows. That, and not God, caused man to form a close corporation with a woman. Of course, we Socialists are not trying to change that one-man and one-wife idea. But we do mean to make woman free, as we are doing in the U. S. S. R., by putting all the women into the Soviet factories and letting them join with men in marriage and separate according to their individual inclination without the intervention of a church or the state."

If, after a sojourn in the Soviet parlor, having had their suspicions aroused by reading copies of Socialist publications, the Catholics were to ask questions, they would soon have their hosts entangled in their own Socialist web. "Tell us," the Catholics would ask, "if, as you say, you love religious liberty, why don't you protest against the Soviet Dictatorship which officially refuses 160,000,000 people their right to teach, print and fully practise their religion? Why does the Dictatorship you uphold declare for anti-religious and not religious propaganda in its new Constitution, called by Stalin, 'Socialism realized'? Why does the Dictatorship declare officially, in the words of the father of Socialism, Karl Marx, that 'religion is the opium of the people'? Why does the U. S. S. R. compel all children to submit to God-denying education? Why does it establish anti-religious museums? Why do you mouth belief in free speech, free press, free assemblage, free elections, in our free America, while upholding denial of it in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics?

"If there be not free will, why are even Communists, former confreres of Lenin and Stalin, put

in prison and to death for merely differing in tactics with the Red tyrants in the Kremlin? Why were nineteen of the twenty-nine framers of the new Stalin Constitution of the U. S. S. R. either shot, 'missing,' committed suicide, put in prison, or under a cloud? If men have not free will, how can they reasonably be declared to be responsible for their acts, whatever they may be?"

Though the Communists were entangled in the web they had woven for the Catholics invited into their Soviet parlor, they immediately gasped: "Oh, oh, wait a minute, please, my dear Catholics. You have brought forth the very arguments we should get together to discuss for our mutual enlightenment, because we have a common enemy in Fascism, which is driving Catholics, as Hitler drove Communists, out of Germany. You see, the conditions you object to in the U. S. S. R. are only temporary. The Dictatorship, as Marx explains, is necessary during the transition period from capitalism to socialism, during the period when bourgeois ideology is blotted out of the minds of the people and classes abolished."

"Tut, tut," would be the comeback of the Catholics. "We see plainly that the Kremlin Communists you Charlie McCarthys work for have been in control of the U. S. S. R. for over twenty years and that their Dictatorship is just as viciously cruel today as it was in the beginning of the transition period."

Having stunned the enemy, the Catholics would proceed: "You Socialist-Communists have yet to learn that we are not flies to be entrapped by your finely-spun argumentative weave intended to rally us for 'democracy against Fascism' in order to be on the Stalin side in the event of war by Italy, Germany and Japan against the U. S. S. R. We are men who love God, who love our Church, and our country; who love religious, educational, political, as well as economic freedom. We Catholics believe in the Christian concept of the family. We believe in a family, the head and bread-winner of which is the husband receiving a wage that will enable him, his wife and his children to live becomingly. We Catholics believe in personal and social moral standards which, when applied, bring social security and social emancipation from economic injustices; standards that enable man to carry on the battle of life, and at the end, to gain eternal glory.

"Our religion teaches us to respect opponents who openly and sincerely disagree with our Catholic beliefs, as many unfortunately do. But our religion also teaches us to beware of the spider-like seductive Communists who deny, temporarily, their objective, in order to inveigle us into their Soviet parlor.

"No, we Catholics will not join forces with you, even if you picture your parlor to be the prettiest that anyone had ever seen. Yet there is one reason for satisfaction in your invitation to form a united front. It has, unintentionally, warned us to cling all the more closely to the Barque of Peter, and to be ever watchful of the spider-quality Marxians, who work untiringly to draw Catholics from their religious moorings."

POLITICAL PHYSICIANS

FROM England comes the story of a physician, appointed by the Ministry of Health under the "panel" plan, who smoked a cigarette at the bedside of a dying woman. On leaving, he demanded that the husband pay him two shillings six-pence for cab-fare. Incidentally, what he had diagnosed as cancer was, in fact, pneumonia.

We do not know whether this a fair specimen of the manner in which socialized medicine works out in Great Britain. But the case sums up the apprehension of many in the profession and of the laity that it would probably work out in exactly this fashion (although on a larger scale) were it established in the United States. As Dr. Irvin Abell, president of the American Medical Association for 1938-1939, reported at the Association's convention in San Francisco last week, we shall do well to examine with care those "socially-minded statesmen who would supply medical care at Government expense." The scheme promises much, especially to those in the low-income groups, but it may be accompanied, thinks Dr. Abell, by "a lowering of the efficiency, and perchance integrity, of part of the medical profession."

Members of the profession who oppose socialized medicine fear, as far as we can gather their position, that it will destroy the personal relationship which should exist between the physician and the patient, and that it will check medical progress. The physician in private practice knows that his success depends in very large part upon his assiduous care of his patient, and upon what the older physicians used to call "his bed-side manner," which simply meant his ability to inspire the sick man with confidence. About these points, the government-paid physician need not greatly care, for whatever happens to the patient his practice and his fee are assured.

We have suffered so much from the dead hand of bureaucracy in this country that the suspicion and distrust of the average physician whenever socialized medicine is mentioned can be easily understood. In our opinion, the suspicion and the distrust are well-founded. Certainly, the profession must cooperate with every agency in the community to supply adequate medical care for all and especially for the poor. But it must not be taken for granted that the best way, or the only way, of providing this needed care is through medical stations subsidized and controlled by the Government.

What bureaucracy can do when its blight falls upon any human problem with which the Government must deal, can be seen today in the administration of the WPA and similar Federal and State organizations for the relief of the needy. We shudder to think that a physician might be appointed not because of his ability to serve suffering humanity, but because of his skill in bringing out the votes at the last election. Our sick should be cared for by physicians, not by scheming politicians. Here is not the least serious of the problems to be solved by the advocates of socialized medicine.

PERHAPS

PERHAPS we shall have an investigation of the Federal roustabouts who have been playing politics with human misery. Perhaps, too, we shall not. The Senate committee, lately charged to take the matter in hand, may function, and perhaps it may not. The chairman has discovered a ton of unfinished cases in his files, and two of the members have fallen desperately ill. One of the political pirates, delegated to investigate himself, reports that after investigation he finds himself amazingly honest. Perhaps, then, we may have honest elections hereafter; perhaps not.

CONGRESS, THE COURT

WITHIN the last few years, Congress has frequently enacted statutes which, even in the opinion of members who voted for them, were probably unconstitutional. They appeared to think, and some openly said, that were these laws defective the Supreme Court would supply a remedy. On one famous occasion, the President defended this view.

To affirm legislation of this kind is seriously reprehensible. Every member of Congress is bound by oath to support the Constitution. This oath places upon him an obligation to vote against a measure which he believes unconstitutional. Furthermore, it obliges him, at least indirectly, to oppose all legislation which may be detrimental to the public welfare, even though it cannot be shown to be unconstitutional. No member of Congress can shift the duties which arise under this oath to any other branch of the Government, or to any official, however exalted.

The reasons for this assertion are fairly obvious. The obligation of an oath rests upon him who takes it, and must be absolved by him. Again, it must not be forgotten that it is no business of the judicial branch of the Government, as the Supreme Court has repeatedly declared, to pass judgment on the wisdom or propriety of legislation enacted by Congress. The Court is concerned neither with the purpose of legislation, which is a purely political consideration (using the term in its proper sense), nor with the means adopted by Congress to give the legislation effect. It will interfere only when, in

LOOT?

IN five years Congress has appropriated more money than all the Congresses between 1789 and the World War. These billions make a sizeable heap; it cannot be hidden under a pint pot from the eyes of looters. It is quite possible that every penny has been honestly expended, but in that case no one at Washington has anything to fear from an investigation. There was once an Administration head who wrote, "turn the rascals out," and meant it. But we have forgotten his name, and anyway the doctrine is now passé. We wish the country had another investigator like Thomas J. Walsh.

COURTS, AND BUSINESS

a case duly submitted to it, convincing evidence is offered to show that rights protected by the Constitution are impaired or destroyed by the statute.

In this age when much of the Government's legitimate business is entrusted to quasi-judicial bodies created by Congress, the responsibility of Congress is very grave. Congress can undoubtedly delegate an authority to one of these bodies which permits it to regulate the exercise by an individual or corporation of rights guaranteed by the Constitution. But a quasi-judicial board may inflict serious inconveniences without actually inhibiting a constitutional right, and yet, for all practical purposes, deprive the aggrieved parties of the right of appeal for relief to the courts. To cite a current instance, Mr. Arthur Krock, who will not be suspected of undue hostility to the present Administration, writes in the *New York Times* (June 12, 1938): "The unilateral Wagner Labor Act remains untouched [by Congress] and since the courts have completely sustained the legality of its one-sidedness, daily rulings are working havoc with industries." In this, and similar cases, relief can be had only by repealing the law, for the courts are powerless.

It is necessary that the Government's business be expedited, but in creating quasi-judicial bodies Congress should be mindful of the implications of the oath taken by its members. Governments are formed to protect the individual in the proper exercise of his natural rights, not to hamper him.

FEDERAL WAGES AND HOURS

AT last Congress has enacted a wage-and-hours bill under the sounding title "The Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938." Its purpose, as defined in section 2, is to correct and eliminate, through the power of Congress to regulate commerce between the States, certain detrimental conditions now existing in industry. These conditions lower the standard of living "necessary for the health, efficiency and general well-being of workers," burden commerce, constitute unfair methods of competition, lead to labor disputes, and interfere with the orderly marketing of goods in commerce. "To correct and eliminate as rapidly as possible," these conditions, Congress proposes to regulate hours of work and wage-rates.

As Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of the board of General Motors, wrote a few days before the passage of the bill, "no cause can be more essential or more desirable from economic as well as from social standpoints" than that championed by this bill. From this view, few will dissent. It has long been an international scandal that in this the richest country of the world, workers can be forced to toil long hours for insufficient remuneration, that the progress of social justice has been bitterly opposed by champions of a degraded but dominant capitalism, and that, as a result, after years of faithful and competent service a majority of our wage-earners end their days as recipients of public or private doles. The minimum wages established by the bill show the need of reform, for while they represent an advance in the industries which they affect, they do not constitute a living-wage.

But with all this assumed, with perfect accord on the desirability of the purposes of this legislation, and even granting the constitutionality of the measure, what the wage-earner has actually gained is very dubious. Hitherto, the unions have jealously guarded their prerogative of fixing the wage about which they are prepared to bargain. The principle is now established that Congress can and should fix this minimum. It is admitted, of course, that united labor is still free to raise the minimum, but connected with minimum-wage legislation is a tendency in employers to identify minimum and maximum. The tendency is usually unjust, but it exists as a difficulty to be overcome by organized labor.

Again, as was expected from the outset, the bill is shot through with concessions, some good, others detrimental to the wage-earner. It can hardly be asserted that this measure reflects the combined wisdom of scholars who after impartial study of what is necessarily a highly complicated problem, have arrived at definite and tenable conclusions. It reeks of the cloak-room and the lobby, as does much of the social legislation which has been enacted in the last five years. Whether it will "work" in a manner which will benefit the worker, without bankrupting the small employer, is yet to be seen. Probably one of the first effects will be a slight increase in unemployment. Loyal acceptance by employers is an aid on which Congress cannot count.

Nevertheless, with all its faults we welcome this

bill, chiefly for two reasons. In the first place, it embodies the principle that Congress has a responsibility for wages and hours in industries which fall under its power to regulate commerce between the States. Next, we believe that once the Act begins to operate, it will be possible to see its faults and to correct them. This belief is based, obviously, on the assumption that the Administrator of the Act and his assistants will be men whose prime purpose is to aid the worker, and not to enforce a measure which a band of crackpots at Washington are determined to jam through, regardless of its effects upon industry and upon the wage-earner.

We realize that this assumption may seem rash. Looking upon other Federal experiments, we are inclined to grant that it is silly, utterly unfounded, optimism. But in some hearts, hope springs eternal, and in these dark days hope is a virtue to be cultivated.

NAZI WIRE-TAPPING

ONCE upon a time, a Liberal was a man who looked uneasily upon every accession of power by the Government. He felt that the Government should be closely watched as often as it proposed to exercise even those powers which had been clearly conferred upon it. With Jefferson, he believed that the best governed country was the least governed country. Again, with Jefferson, he protested against "trust in government" and he felt that when the people were ordered by the Government when to sow and when to reap, the people would soon want bread.

The fault of this Liberalism was that it blended too easily with the laissez-faire policy popularized by the Manchester school of economists. From asserting, properly, that the Government should not unnecessarily interfere with the individual and his works, he was apt to agree that the Government should never interfere.

But for all his faults the old Liberal upheld much of what we need as the totalitarian state draws near. Today he is styled a reactionary, while those who would bind the citizen hand and foot by thousands of laws call themselves Liberals. As an example, we may cite a liberal young gentleman who, as District Attorney for the county of New York, bids fair to win national recognition.

We heartily second Mr. Dewey's hot zeal to punish the criminal, but we cannot agree that the criminal's smallest constitutional rights should be infringed upon by any one, and least of all by an official of the State. Mr. Dewey thinks that officials may be trusted to tap telephone wires when seeking evidence, and he is sure that they will never abuse their discretion. We do not share his confidence in public officials. Better let a few criminals escape than permit any public official to tap wires, except on order of a court of record, trusting that he will tap only when criminals use the telephone. Constitutional methods may occasionally be lax, but, on the whole, they are preferable to Nazi methods.

THE SINNER'S HOME

THERE are somber and even terrifying truths in revelation, as well as truths which fill our hearts with joy. All come to us from the same infallible authority. The least word of Our Blessed Lord is worthy of our most serious consideration, and any ascetical system which affirms one part of His saving doctrine, but rejects another part, is not merely defective but damnable. For Faith obliges us to take as true all that Our Lord taught, and all that the Church proposes for our belief.

On the other hand, many passages of the Gospels are as balm of Gilead poured upon our wounds. What a glorious Gospel, for instance, the Church selects for us tomorrow! Turning to Saint Luke (xv, 1-10) she bids us read two of Our Lord's most touching and consoling parables, the story of the sheep that went astray, and the story of the woman who having lost a groat, lighted a candle, and swept the house, and sought diligently until she had found it. The comfort in these stories comes from the Divine assurance that even if we are sinners, God cares for us and seeks us as lovingly as the shepherd who left his flock to hunt for the wandering sheep, as diligently as the housewife sweeping her house to find her lost groat.

What will probably strike us in reading this wonderfully consoling Gospel is the tenderness of the shepherd when he had found his lost sheep. The poor creature was worn out by its wilful wandering, and the shepherd carries it back to the fold on his shoulders. But when Our Lord finds the sinner, He is infinitely more tender. He does not rebuke the poor soul, but through the Sacrament of Penance pours the oil and wine of healing upon him, and then with words of encouragement and love prepares for him the banquet wherein is spread the feast of His body and His blood. In His Heart, there is no harshness, but only infinite love.

If the Church can speak of Adam's fall as *felix culpa*, "a happy fault," since it brought us so great a Saviour, may we not with reverence say that it is worth while to have wandered away into the desert to know the sweetness with which He greets us when His grace has brought us back again to His love? There is a peace on us not of this world as the *ego te absolvo* of Christ's minister falls on our ears, and a happiness that is a foretaste of Heaven when after our wanderings we are united once more with Our Lord in His Sacrament of love.

"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them," complained the Pharisees. The same charge is flung against Christ's Mystical Body, the Church, and it is true. She never breaks the bruised reed or quenches the smoking flax. Her business is that of her Founder; to seek out the sinner, and to greet him with love and tenderness. She is the Church of the Penitent Thief, of Peter and of Magdalene and of Augustine, as well as of Agnes and Cecily and of all those white lambs who have never strayed from the fold. Thanks be to God, the Catholic Church is the Divinely-founded Church in which all sinners find pardon for their sins, peace for their hearts, and the promise of life everlasting.

CHRONICLE

THE CONGRESS. Representative Sirovich's bill to create a Bureau of Arts and Sciences in the Interior Department was defeated by the House. . . . With 30,000,000 people looking to Washington for relief or salaries, Senator Vandenberg saw a "crisis in the character of our institutions, the character of citizenship itself." . . . The House bill liberalizing the fifty-year-old bankruptcy statutes was approved by the Senate. Small business houses and individuals are benefited by the measure. . . . The House voted to unseat Representative Arthur B. Jenks, Republican, New Hampshire, gave his seat to Alphonse Roy, Democrat. The electoral count had long been disputed. . . . The Senate Campaign Expenditures Investigating Committee received \$50,000 above its previous appropriation to investigate, ascertain whether public funds were being used for political purposes in this year's elections. . . . The Senate, House, approved the conference report on the \$375,000,000 Flood Control Bill. . . . House and Senate passed the O'Mahoney bill for the investigation of monopolies. \$400,000 of the \$500,000 may be allocated by the President at his own discretion among Government departments assisting in the investigation. The bill gives the Executive department equal representation on the investigating committee with Congressional appointees. . . . An amendment to the Walsh-Healey bill would set up a blacklist of companies which violate the National Labor Relations Act, bar them from Government contracts. Sitting in the office of the Speaker of the House, John L. Lewis sent for Representatives, urged them to facilitate passage of the blacklist amendment. . . . The wages and hours bill, as changed in joint conference, was approved by both House and Senate. The measure sets a minimum wage of twenty-five cents an hour for the first year, thirty cents for the second year. After that industrial wage boards will determine which industries are capable of paying wages up to a forty-cent minimum. Maximum hours are forty-four the first year, forty-two the second, forty the third. Provisions of the bill are designed to eliminate child labor. . . . House and Senate passed the \$3,750,405,000 relief-pump-priming bill. . . . With the entire House to be elected, one-third of the Senate, Congress adjourned, having made no provision for relief of the railroads.

THE ADMINISTRATION. A group of peace organizations urged the State Department to prevent sale of 400 airplanes to Great Britain. Secretary Hull had divulged the Administration was discouraging sale of aircraft to Japan as a bomber of civilians. Said the statement of the peace organizations: "It is well known that Great Britain is one of the offenders in this practice. The bombing of helpless women and children on the northwest frontier of India is a

matter of common knowledge. If the Administration wants to halt this barbarous practice the British plane order should be stopped now." . . . Secretary Roper recommended a "world-wide economic conference in which nations would cooperate for the equitable distribution of the basic raw materials of the world." . . . The President will swing across the continent in July, speak in various States for candidates he favors. He will embark on the cruiser *Houston* from San Francisco, run down to a spot off the coast of Ecuador to fish. . . . In compliance with the request of Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, the WPA announced it would purchase \$10,000,000 worth of men's, women's and children's clothing for distribution among the needy. . . . President Roosevelt removed Victor Christgau, WPA chief in Minnesota. Recently Mr. Christgau had refused to approve a WPA project sponsored by Minnesota's Governor Benson, contending the Governor was seeking 2,000 WPA workers for political purposes. Mr. Christgau, replying to the White House ouster, declared his removal "is effected wholly without cause." . . . John Roosevelt, last unmarried son of the President, was wed to Anne Clark at Nahant, Mass.

SPAIN. The pealing of church bells, thanksgiving services and processions throughout Nationalist Spain marked the fall of Castellon, as the victorious troops of General Franco continued across the Mijares River, five miles south of the city, on their way to Valencia. The moral importance of Castellon's fall is considered enormous, because of the demonstrated superiority of the Franco forces in tactical skill and organization against the 60,000 troops General Miaja had equipped with newly-imported tanks, planes and artillery. . . . 15,000 refugees poured into the port of Valencia, according to Barcelona reports, though contradictory despatches came from Castellon to the effect that most of the city's 37,000 inhabitants remained to cheer the entrance of the conquering army. Many weeping women reported that a large number of men of military age had been forced to leave with the retreating Loyalists. . . . General Franco renewed his offer of an honorable peace to the population of Loyalist Spain, with the assurance that those who have no common-law crime on their consciences have nothing to fear from his regime. The promise was reiterated that all persons would receive generous treatment if they had merely taken up arms against the Nationalists in the field. . . . The Forty-third "Lost Division" of Loyalists in the north gave up and fled across the French border. French guards say the intention is to disarm those who cross, permit them to rest and then

to elect the side to which they wish to return. . . . Reticence as to the real situation is being maintained in Barcelona. The policy of Indalecio Prieto, when Defense Minister, of brutal frankness in admitting reverses in order to stir up a "back-to-the-wall" enthusiasm was found during the Aragon retreat to have resulted in immense loss of morale. . . . Fifty miles northwest of Cordoba Nationalists under General Queipo de Llano launched a drive, captured Blazques.

GREAT BRITAIN. The diplomatic correspondent of the *Times* records the quickened uneasiness in London over the fate of Former Chancellor Schuschnigg. Reports of the death of Richard Schmitz, former mayor of Vienna, in the Dachau concentration camp heightened the anxiety caused by lack of news of Dr. Schuschnigg, despite the elaborate accounts of his marriage by proxy. . . . The trial at Gibraltar of Stanley Scott, captain of the British merchant ship *Stancroft*, began with testimony that he had carried war materials into Spain. Such trials are in line with the policy of several nations, notably Rumania, where a court fined Captain Erikson of the Swedish freighter *Lola* and the ship's Rumanian agent a total of \$430,000 for shipping arms to the Communists. . . . Cardinal MacRory blessed a forty-foot statue of St. Patrick in Ulster, as Premier deValera confidently continued his campaign against partition. . . . Premier Chamberlain aroused the ire of Laborites by telling the House of Commons that there is nothing Britain can do about bombings of British-owned ships by Franco aviators, short of involving the nation in war. Disputes arose over the interpretation of just what constitutes "military supplies," and objections were offered to the Burgos proposal to open safe ports for British ships outside the zone of operations.

RUSSIA. An extensive shake-up in the Commissariat for Internal Trade resulted in the dismissal of seven executives. The charge was inefficiency in the supplying of food products to the population. . . . Seventeen inhabitants of Birobidjan, the Jewish autonomous republic on the Siberian-Manchukuoan border, have been shot as spies and wreckers. The names of seven appear to be Jewish. This was the first purge reported from this strategic Soviet subdivision.

SINO-JAPANESE WAR. One hundred and sixty million people are affected by the war, it was revealed when Major Arthur Bassett, chairman of the American Advisory Committee for China Famine Relief, inaugurated an appeal for further funds. Thirty million Chinese have been forced to wander from their homes on the Eastern seaboard. . . . Torrential rains in the Yangtze and Yellow river regions are not only slowing down the Japanese advance but have also taken a heavy toll of Chinese lives. 150,000 Chinese civilians were reported drowned when the Yellow River broke through a fifty-mile

stretch of weakened dikes on its south bank. . . . After the fall of Chengchow, the Chinese set up new positions. Their German advisers have been released from their contracts and will return to Germany.

ITALY. Five persons were wounded in Rome when an enraged Ethiopian ran amuck, laying about him furiously with a scimitar. A war trophy of the Lion of Judah provoked the assault. . . . Fears of a rift in the accord with Britain were expressed in Rome, but Italians held that the unimpeded victory of Franco was more important than friendship with London. . . . Air raids in Spain were defended with reports of war supplies destroyed in Barcelona bombings, including 65,000 tons of gasoline. . . . Figures were cited to show that from France Loyalists lately received 275 new planes and 150 French pilots, as well as thousands of tons of munitions.

FOOTNOTES. Before the French Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, former Premier Pierre Laval listed the war materials being sent over the French border to Loyalist Spain. . . . Great Britain, France, other nations, defaulted on their war debt payments to the United States, as payments became due. Netherlands officials reported Russian secret police activity in The Hague. . . . The Hungarian Government placed a limit on the percentage of Jewish members in official organizations of lawyers, physicians and engineers. . . . All Scandinavia celebrated the eightieth birthday of King Gustaf of Sweden. The King frequently plays on European tennis courts as "Mr. G." He is a descendant of Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's marshals. . . . A deal whereby Mexico will sell 10,000,000 barrels of expropriated United States and British oil to Germany was completed. Germany will pay forty per cent in cash, the rest in machinery. British and United States oil companies filed an appeal in Mexican courts citing the unconstitutionality of the expropriations. . . . Chile and Argentina agreed to submit their dispute over islands near Magellan Strait to United States Attorney General Homer S. Cummings for arbitration. . . . In Czechoslovakia, Father Andreas Hlinka, seventy-four-year-old leader of the Slovak autonomist movement declared the 2,300,000 Slovaks in Czechoslovakia would insist on obtaining autonomy within the Republic. Representatives of the 3,500,000 Germans in Czechoslovakia conferred with Premier Milan Hodza concerning the minorities statute now in preparation. . . . New restrictions were placed upon the Jews in Germany by a series of edicts designed to complete their elimination from German business and finance. Walther Funk, Reich Minister of Economics, formally rejected in principle any responsibility on the part of Germany for the loans of the former Austrian Government. He stated, however, the Reich was ready to negotiate a settlement with the nations guaranteeing the loans, "in a spirit of understanding," so that a mutually satisfactory adjustment might be reached.

CORRESPONDENCE

HIPPOCRATIC OATH

EDITOR: The answer that Dr. Dafoe found in his heart to the great problem which he faced in a Canadian farm house several years ago was an echo of the answer which one of his first great predecessors made to that same question.

Hippocrates was a Greek physician who was born in the year 460 B.C. In the interesting "oath" which is found among his writings we can discern the 2,500-year-old answer to Dr. Dafoe's difficulty. In part, translated, the oath reads:

I will use treatment to help the sick according to my ability and judgment, but never with the purpose of injuring or doing wrong. I will not administer a poison to anyone, when requested to do so, nor will I suggest such action. Likewise I will not give to a woman a pessary to cause an abortion. But I will keep holy both my life and my art.

And then, a few lines later:

Into whatever houses I enter I will do so to help the sick, and will abstain from all intentional wrongdoing and harm, especially from abusing the bodies of men or women, whether they be free men or slaves.

Now these are the words of a man who had absolutely none of our modern scientific knowledge and appliances for the treatment of disease, and he used no sedatives to dull the terrible pain of his patients, as portrayed so vividly and so frankly in his *Epidemics*. But the same factor that made the culture of his time the greatest the world has known caused Hippocrates to evolve this oath. You may call that factor his rational instinct, you may call it his soul, or you may call it his conscience.

Let Hippocrates enter the spotless amphitheatre-like operating rooms of one of our hospitals. His rough sandals would make a harsh noise on the polished floors. The few crude scalpels and the cupping vessel clutched in his hand would look rather poor and futile beside the glitter of metal there. But, poor pagan that he was, he could teach many of his white-clad successors this most fundamental lesson of medical practice.

Wernersville, Pa.

C. G. A.

NO FASCIST

EDITOR: In reference to Father Albert Whelan's sprightly article, *One Noble Writer* (AMERICA, June 4), and his solid proofs that General Franco is certainly no Fascist, it might be added that this is most clearly indicated in Franco's printed political and economic program, which is that of the *Falange Española*.

This program consists of twenty-seven points, of which the seventh and the eleventh, respecting the rights and liberties of the individual and of minori-

ties, show Franco to be no Fascist. Part of point seven reads: "Human dignity, the integrity of man and his liberty possess values that are eternal and inalienable." Number eleven asserts in part that the Government will not allow "the domination of the weaker group by that which is more powerful."

No Fascist would include these two statements in his program. The American public in considering Franco a Fascist have been simply bamboozled by Red propaganda!

San Francisco, Calif. PETER M. DUNNE, S.J.

PLATFORM

EDITOR: I wish to thank Father Collentine (AMERICA, June 11) for his generous praise of my article, *Russia Under Stalin Rule Becomes a State of Slaves*. I am also grateful to him for pointing out the slip. Of the original twenty-one members of the Central Committee, five, not fifteen, have been executed.

I take occasion to point out that Catholics must meet the subtle propaganda of the Common Front not merely by exposing the fallacies and tyranny of Communism, but through a constructive social program.

I take one case: the present Norton Wage-Hour Bill. I regard this as a modest step toward ending child labor and sweating in industries engaged in inter-State commerce. It bars from inter-State commerce the products of mills and factories employing children under sixteen years of age.

"Leave it to the States." May I suggest that "backward" States which connive at child labor and allow workers to be sweated form a formidable break on forward States? Some Southern Chambers of Commerce advertise that cheap and docile labor is abundant in their localities. I do not think that the South's own interests demand the perpetuation of bare subsistence wages. Again, many Southern mills and factories are now owned by Yankee capitalists.

I agree with Representative Boileau, the Wisconsin Progressive: "Any industry that cannot pay a decent wage has no justification for existence." I endorse the statement of Maury Maverick, the Texas Democrat: "I don't want my people to be docile beggars. Coming from a district that pays low wages, I welcome this bill." I agree with Hamilton Fish, of New York, when he declared: "I say to this House, that if you desire to combat Communism, you should support this legislation."

I write subject to correction. I am half a Virginian, and proud of it. I do not want to link the glory of the South with exploiting children under sixteen in factories and mills and with wages of less than \$16 a week. We Catholics should support

slum clearance, minimum-wage laws, and other progressive legislation. Human rights rate higher than even States' Rights. I could not face the working class and denounce Stalinism if I balked at supporting a moderate measure like the Norton Bill.

Woodstock, Md. LAURENCE KENT PATTERSON

TIN HAT

EDITOR: May I offer a suggestion in connection with the attack upon one of the *AMERICA* editors (*AMERICA*, June 18) by a Spanish Loyalist sympathizer?

Bring the incident to the attention of the American Civil Liberties Union, whose attorneys, I am sure, will go to town in your behalf. A little publicity, of course, would help. Have the editors of the *Nation* heard about this? Has anyone sent word to Heywood Broun or Harry Elmer Barnes? Have you called upon the 150 Protestant clergymen, educators and laymen to join you in a demand upon Comrade Browder and Co. for fair play? Protection is yours for the asking.

Still, if you really want that editor, buy him a tin hat.

New Haven, Conn.

J. D.

ADMINISTRATION DIAGNOSIS

EDITOR: In a *Comment* in *AMERICA* (April 30) the opinion was expressed that the cause of the present depression is not that production has out-distanced purchasing power. The proof for this statement was that the "first evidences of the downward trend appeared, not in the purchasing power of the people, but in the heavy industries where capital buying and investment are alone concerned."

I must confess that I fail to see the cogency of this reasoning. The first evidences of a downward trend in business are *always* felt in the heavy industries and, it seems from the nature of things, must be felt there. If production is getting ahead of buying power, the industries that make the metal and the machines that make the goods are bound to feel the lack of demand first. And, conversely, if a slump is first felt in the heavy industries, it is because production is getting ahead of buying power. When the saturation point is reached (*i.e.*, production and buying power are balanced), the heavy industries are going to feel a slump because the existing equipment can supply the demand, relatively little being needed for replacement. It is only when super-saturation sets in (*i.e.*, production is ahead of the buying power of the people) that the factories which make the consumer goods begin to lay off men.

Looking at it another way, the buying power of the people creates orders for the consumer-goods manufacturer, and if the buying power is large enough it will cause the consumer-goods manufacturer to order from the heavy industries. But if the buying power of the people is small, the consumer-

goods manufacturer can supply the demand with existing equipment and no orders are placed with the heavy industries, except those necessary to replace worn machinery. There is no demand that does not start with the actual or potential demand of the people.

The demand has not been enough to warrant new investments, that is why, it seems to me, capital has been slow to invest. If sufficient demand were there, it is almost unbelievable that capital should refuse to invest.

Therefore, it would seem that the Administration's diagnosis of the present depression is the right one. Whether or not the means being taken to raise the purchasing power of the people are the best is another matter.

St. Mary's, Kans.

T. J. S.

BOMBINGS

EDITOR: I think you will agree with me upon the fact that all the world is so alarmed and disgusted about the "unmoral and criminal" bombing of civilians by General Franco planes, whereas neither England nor France or this country displayed their horror regarding the 40,000 persons murdered by the supporters of the so-called Government in Madrid. How could the Marxists, who control France, and the Jews controlling England and this country, show horror towards the murderers of priests, nuns and Catholics? No, Catholics are not "human beings!"

I agree that the bombing of civilian populations is not very human and should be avoided, but I cannot understand why humanitarians all over the world did not lament at all the shellings of Saragossa (which was raided more than 100 times in six months), Valladolid, Seville, Cadiz, Salamanca, Burgos, Pamplona, etc. Probably it was because the inhabitants of these towns were not "defenseless civilians"; however, I doubt that the aforementioned towns were deserted, converted into barracks or stables.

I only wish to know what would any one of these humanitarians of the British, French or this country's Government answer to these questions: Were or were not human beings the thousands and thousands of Catholics murdered by the Red Government and the civilians who died in the raids carried out by "Government" planes? I said "Government" planes, although I might have said "raids carried out by French, Russian, American and English planes and fliers."

And now, if they were as "defenseless civilians," as the ones who have been bombed in Barcelona, Granollers and Alicante, why did not they display their pity, horror and disgust?

I find only a reason: they have a clear prejudice in favor of the Spanish Reds.

If the ruthless bombings carried on by "Government" planes were, and still are, not objects of horror and pity, there is not a reason in the world why those carried on by Franco planes should be.

Worcester, Mass.

G. R. A.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

MOTHER: A SYMPATHETIC SUMMARY

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

SOME kind reader of this column may remember that a few months back I undertook to write in formula the story of an enterprising American business man, of pleasant expression, middle-age, vacuous philosophy, and no faith, who was traveling on a boat from Naples to New York, with his wife (*Mother*), nineteen-year-old daughter (*Daughter*), and twenty-one-year-old son (*Son*), denominated in his own right as *Dad*, and whom in a dozen paragraphs I undertook to summarize from the moment of my meeting with him until the moment of his death, a tragic death, if my appraisal of him were to be accepted, for all that he died (in my account) normally, and in bed, by a routine disease.

But we have anticipated. *Dad* is not yet dead, and *Mother* is very much not yet a widow. You would not think so to see her prancing about the boat. I hesitate to call her *Mother*, not on my own score, but because *Dad* never does, though the children do, *Son* with some warmth, *Daughter* with none. However, she can be *Mother* to us, provided we remember that to *Dad* she is *Ida* (or *Ada* or *Eva*, as the case may be); is "my dear" when he wishes to be particularly instructive or sarcastic; and is sometimes not denominated at all, but only implicitly included in such exclamations as "For God's sake!" or "What the devil did you say that for?"

Mother has interests much like a butterfly. She hovers here and there for instants, and likes nothing better than to alight on the coat-lapel of a celebrity. Meeting celebrities is part of the necessary business of her existence. Her social charms have in a single season been exercised on everything from a noted entomologist to a heavyweight wrestler, including, of course, the usual sprinkling of violinists, poets, novelists, actors, war generals and bankrupt British noblemen—at whose stories one is "thrilled," at whose playing one is "entranced," at whose exploits one is "terrified," at whose verses one is "fascinated," at whose manners one is "electrified." Where perspective is lacking *Mother* can supply it, and is known to have remembered a celebrated Russian cellist, at whose art the Tsar was wont to be moved to tears, by nothing more than "he had the most curious feet."

In literature, fiction is *Mother's* single fare, and the sum of culture enjoyed by Mr. Somerset Maugham and Miss Fanny Hurst conjointly would constitute for her a millennium. In the drama and cinema her preferences are all for actresses who play their parts in such a personal way as to extinguish entirely the character they are portraying. She enjoys seeing Lynn Fontanne as Lynn Fontanne in Lynn Fontanne, or Greta Garbo as Greta Garbo in Greta Garbo. As for her spiritual life, you would pity *Mother* in conflict with, let us say, an ethical principle from which she has chosen to vary. She has in reserve a much nicer God than the traditional one where sanctions for sin are discussed and where the indecency of Eternal Punishment is brought into question. This temporary Deity vanishes as soon as *Mother's* conscience conflicts are over, nor does she ever pray to Him or thank Him, not even for His niceness in not having created Hell.

On shipboard it cannot be denied that *Mother* has one marvelous moment in the day. It is on the way down to dinner in the evening. Unsuccessfully juvenile in her mornings and afternoons—sweated, scarfed, short-stockinged, all out of proportion with her age; overemphasized in her wrinkles, her yawns, her efforts to jack herself up by constitutional walks, facial treatments (in the manner of the Swedes), and even little divertissements in the gymnasium—there is one golden hour when *Mother* overcomes these handicaps and emerges like a queen. Promptly at five o'clock she goes to her stateroom to dress for dinner. It takes a long time. It takes nearly two hours. It never terminates until her door has been knocked upon, pounded upon, banged upon by *Dad* with successively firmer implementalizations of his fist. A kick on the door is sometimes added for good measure, and *Daughter's* voice is enlisted to implore through the key-hole: "Mother, will you please hurry?"

But *Mother* cannot hurry. Why should she? Dinner is the one affair of the day when that inherent quality of good-taste, which is hidden in every lady and never dies, induces her to assert her feminine charm in the manner of the matron which she is,

rather than in the manner of the mannikin which she is not. Whatever else *Mother* does to disconcert her husband, she marches down to dinner as his wife, not as his stenographer.

After a nearly two hours' bout with powder, cream, rouge, perfume, pins, things dropped and picked up again, things mislaid and recovered, much marveling in the mirror, surveillance in all attitudes, selection of gown, slippers, flowers, adjustment of jewelry, *Mother* throws a silk shawl over her shoulders, puts a final crimp in her hair, slips the lock in the stateroom door and steps daintily into the corridor, so resplendent that even *Dad* forgets his temper and must momentarily acknowledge her beauty. *Daughter*—too athletic for esthetic decoration—is a perfect slattern beside her. *Daughter* looks like something picked up on the beach and embellished with a temporary ruffle.

Mother, on the other hand, seems to have outflowered from fairyland. And all the way down the aisles, smiling and sparkling to everyone including the sailors, she proceeds to her nocturnal conquest of the dining hall. *Son* joins them in the foyer. There may or may not be cocktails, depending on the gentlemen's endurance without them up to this point. The main stairway is reached. The descent is made royally down the plushy steps. And into the lights, the tinkles, the music, the murmurings of the grand refectory, *Mother* floats. Heads turn. Eyes enlarge. Little gurgles of appreciation follow her on all sides. The waiter adjusts her in her chair. And then follows, with excited delight, the matter of the menu.

But alas for the briefness of this triumph!

Men grow handsomer as a dinner progresses. Women decline. If they are young, their charms can be revived later in the ball room. Not so if they are middle-aged. *Mother's* fascination manages to survive the appetizer and the soup, and stands up fairly well through the entrée. But it begins to wilt at the roast, and is all but exhausted at the salad. Coffee in the lounge after dinner is for *Mother* not a stimulation but a restorative.

At eight o'clock *Mother's* hour is definitely over. At eight-fifteen there appears the first fatal yawn. At eight-thirty she is more yawn than not. At nine she must leave the company and go into the open air. This she usually does alone, humming a little ancient tune, that sounds very intimate, small and discordant beside the strains of the orchestra blaring through the dance-hall window. After this airing there can be a restful talk with some quiet person, if such can be found. And it is noticed that *Mother's* efforts at being fascinating definitely cease before ten o'clock. And just about this hour she begins to take a decided interest in people older than herself. She will possibly like to slip over to some elderly group and say: "Good evening! I've really been anxious to meet you ever since we got on the boat!"

At ten o'clock *Daughter* and *Son* are whirling in the dance hall. *Dad* is at his bridge, or in the bar. And here is *Mother* all alone in the moonlight talking to strangers. Her shawl is wrapped tightly around her, for the breeze is strong. At ten-thirty

more yawns begin, despite such interests as dyspepsia, diabetes and the Civil War. *Mother* is solicitous, kindly, sympathetic, but the yawns persist. Eventually they become violent. It is so nice to be, in these late-night seizures, in the company of people whom one is not trying to impress. The bell tolls foreward which announces that the waves are high and the boat pitching. It is time for *Mother* to go to bed. "Good night! Good night! Oh, yes indeed! Good night!"

Mother stumbles into her stateroom and quickly locks the door. Clothes come off much quicker than they went on. There is some ritual with face preparations to be undergone, but it is unenthusiastically fulfilled. Close to eleven she slips into bed having been preceded by a hot-water bottle. *Mother* seems very shriveled and small and cold as she slides under the coverlet and stretches out for the night. She takes up a novel and makes believe to read it for ten minutes or more. Then she switches off the light. Some memories of her dazzlingness in the early evening come back to her, but most of the relish in it is gone. For a long time after this she makes believe she cannot go to sleep. But finally does. And the little purr of her breathing is soon lost in the thunderous sussuration of the ship's motors.

SYMBOLISMS

THE SPANISH painter and attaché of General Franco's embassy at the Vatican, José Maria Sert, arrived last week in New York to retouch his Radio City frescoes. He had come from a tour of Spain. "I can't understand the minds of people who can destroy art," the painter said.

The clue to the Communist mind in Spain is that art must be destroyed because it speaks too forcefully of something that the Communists want men very much to hate. It is a tribute to the Spanish character that its perverters so fear the impact of art; fear it to the extent of sending a firing-squad to riddle the Sacred Heart statue that stood in Spain's geographical center.

The Nationalists are never more Catholic than in their desire to preserve art, for the Church is both an artist and a poet. It loves to surround our lives with symbols, with concrete, easily seen objects that immediately suggest a higher reality. Taking its cue from Christ the litterateur, who spoke the people's language of pictures, of Good Shepherd and lost sheep, of the salt of the earth, of a Vine and its branches, the Church indulges in the symbolism of an anchor of hope, a Paschal Lamb and a serpent beneath the heel of Mary Immaculate.

Nothing enters into the intellect except by the gate of the senses—nor into the heart. The red star of Communism and the Nazi swastika are tortured parodies of Christian symbolism. They generate a meretricious enthusiasm. But the red-bereted *Requetes* running into battle with the war-cry, *Viva el Sacrado Carazon de Jesus!* know the living symbol of a Heart.

ALFRED BARRETT

BOOKS

BEWILDERED LEADER OF A LOST CAUSE

MY AUSTRIA. By Kurt Schuschnigg. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$3

A BOOK like this is difficult to describe and impossible to define. It is not a history of Austria, nor an autobiography of Schuschnigg. It is not merely the program of the Fatherland Front; nor is it merely a plea for a lost cause. It is a little of all these things. It is also, largely, a double panegyric on Seipel and Dollfuss.

A chapter on *Austria's Historical Mission* is in praise of the "considerable cultural values and uniting spiritual forces" of the old Holy Roman Empire under Habsburg rule. Then came the War and Revolution.

Bewildered, terrified, dispersed, and starved out, the former upholders of the State, the exponents of moderate-minded conservatism, the guardians of traditions and old practices, the adherents of the *ancien régime* seemed to have vanished. It is vain to ask whether that was necessary and unavoidable—it was a fact.

Schuschnigg sums up the effect of the Revolution: "Scarcely anything more had taken place than a change of labels. Instead of political aristocrats there appeared the political bosses, who were soon as unpopular. . . . Around us there was no sign of authority."

The thesis of the rest of the book is that authority could have been restored, and even that autonomy might have been maintained. Yet, it must be confessed, the demonstration is not convincing. One gets the impression that Schuschnigg's love for Austria gave him neither a precise definition of her international mission nor a definite solution of her national difficulties. Even Schuschnigg's patriotism succumbed, at times, to pessimism.

A state without the ideal of patriotism and the definite will to exist is in effect not conceivable in the long run. As Austria then was, her purpose was no longer to be recognized and in no event could she have been able to fulfil her historic task.

The words are tragically suggestive of the seemingly brutal remark of Mussolini, made after *Anschluss* put an end to Schuschnigg's dream.

The parts played by Seipel and Dollfuss are retold with passionate, if pathetic, admiration. When they were gone Schuschnigg gave what light and leadership he could. He sketches his own role with great modesty, marred, it must be confessed, by a certain pedantic reiteration of rather pointless generalizations.

There is certainly no ground for complete satisfaction with what we have so far accomplished; but there is still less for considering that we have achieved nothing at all. . . . The truth is, that nowhere in the world are things all shadow or all sunshine. . . . one must not envy the man with bigger boots because he can take longer strides, and want to reach the height with him no matter what the cost. . . . One cannot enjoy at the same time the resounding effects of a dictatorship and the easier rhythm of democratic music; one must not strive at once for the blessings of autarchy and the opening of the frontier. . . . One must never lose the ground from under one's feet and move on in dreams and forgetfulness.

In the very vagueness of those words lies, perhaps, the tragedy of both Schuschnigg and Austria. At any rate the book reads like the brave battle of a little man for a lost cause.

GERALD G. WALSH

DEMOCRACY EMERGES WITH ETHEREAL SUBSTANCE

THE CROWNING OF A KING. By Arnold Zweig. The Viking Press. \$2.50

THE author intended a novel. It turned into something else—what, it is difficult to say. *The Crowning of a King* is simply a peg on which to hang a conglomerate mass of historical or quasi-historical detail concerning the last months of the war on Germany's Eastern Front. The action (what there is of it) centers about the intrigue within German ranks to put a king on the Lithuanian throne. Ruthless Pan-Germans conspire against the more humane element among Germany's masters to put a Protestant over that Catholic country; the others, for the sake of the more liberal Germany, choose the Catholic Duke of Teck.

The author, however, is not interested in telling a tale. There is no movement of interest to a climax; no beginning, middle and end to the reader's emotional experience. Captain Winfried, the hero (if the book can be said to have a hero), is less of an individual than he is of a type; and less of a type than he is of a device for describing things by a kind of mental chronology. The book is misty and overcast with that peculiar and irritating atmosphere which the moderns loved in Joyce's *Ulysses*. The reader senses that to tell a plain unvarnished tale is too plebeian a thing for the writer. Everything must be subjectivized; the result is that at times it is an effort to follow.

One scene is consequent upon another, frequently only through the unspoken thought of some character. It makes dull reading, especially when, as the reader soon begins to discern, Mr. Zweig is most concerned to moralize. Even the attempt at ethical import is vague: the usual shibboleths of "Liberalism," "Humanity," "Democracy" emerge at last from the mists, but with little body and the rather fluid outlines to which the propagandists have accustomed us. The most definite thing about the book is that Mr. Zweig does not like Kultur and the Pan-Germans. But there was no need of a kaleidoscope to show us this; especially of one which turns with unwonted slowness to give an arresting casualness to scenes (strangely not numerous) in which lust is described.

If Mr. Zweig insisted on preachiness, it is unfortunate that his message on humanity and liberalism is not as sharp as his outlines in scenes such as these. We should have liked to see, even through Captain Winfried's eyes, such a focussing of "democracy" as to exclude from its ambitus the Soviet.

GEORGE BULL

RELIEF WORKER IN MICHIGAN WOODS

WE TOO ARE THE PEOPLE. By Louise V. Armstrong. Little, Brown and Co. \$3

ALL social workers will do well to get this book and study it after they have passed through a year or two of experience. Only then will they derive the full benefit of the mass of case experience the author marshals.

The writer has a fascinating narrative style and as an author of eight short published plays, she also possesses a keen sense of observation and character delineation which she employs unobtrusively throughout her book.

The entire book is a true account of innumerable cases

of relief work managed by the author in a small county of 7,000 inhabitants in northern Michigan, where she and her husband, unpretentious Chicago residents, had made their former summer camp a year-round home.

The particular reason for selecting this county for relief work was that it had suffered severely from the devastation of timber land and later, during the depression years, it had been reduced to a dying lumber region by the reactionary spirit of its capitalists. Extinct mills, rusting railroad cars and rails, and parked street cars recalled a glorious past. The lumber barons, still snugly housed in their beautiful mansions on the hilltop, remained an object of a lasting grudge and an evil eye of the "men in boots" as they were called. Something had to be done, else . . . for we, too, are the people.

As a college and university bred woman with a background of professional social service experience for three years she was wisely selected, though against her will, as administrator of relief. When the Federal Government's policies changed the E.R.A. into the W.P.A., she was compelled to close her office and regretfully to retire. Then it was that she sat down in social seclusion at her home to write the records of her years of service.

Like all successful social administrators and workers, Mrs. Armstrong was kind and sympathetic, yet not glib. For this reason her subjects of relief were loyal to her and the "men in boots," quite characteristically for men of the north woods of Michigan, expressed their characteristic opinion of her. Yet, like all relief generals, she had to meet the unfair criticism and the opposition of the government and the gossip of the folk.

Anyone who is in sympathy with the "poor trash" will find this book easy, interesting and unbiased reading, even though 474 pages of it are apt to just drag a little. Such narration lacks the unity of action and the growing interest in a thickening plot found in a novel.

PHILIP H. BURKETT

WITH A QUESTION ABOUT HIS AUTHORITIES

THE STORY OF INSTRUCTION. By Ernest Carroll Moore.
The Macmillan Co. \$4

TRACING the story of instruction this work, the second of the series, deals with the period of its process and progress during the Christian era. It is the work of the Director of the University of California at Los Angeles. The Christian Church is considered by the author rightly as the bridge uniting Rome and Greece with ourselves. "But the Church is more than a bridge, it is the conservator of the past; and more than the conservator of the past, it is the tiller of the fields of the human spirit." So we are not surprised when seven of the nine chapters bear on the Church's work in instruction.

The beginnings and evolution of the monastic schools, the cathedral and palace schools are traced, while a chapter adequate and sympathetic is given to Charlemagne and the Benedictine schools. The Middle-Age period is covered by one single chapter on Abelard and the Universities according to a settled but surely unscholarly tradition of non-Catholic writers. There is a chapter on Petrarch and the Greater Renaissance and one on Luther and the Reformation. Loyola and the Counter-Reformation brings the work to an end with a chapter which, while sketchy, is satisfactory enough, due primarily to the author's care to supplement and check Protestant authorities by Catholic, notably Father McGucken's *The Jesuits and Education*.

It would have served the cause of scholarship if Catholic writers had been so used in other chapters, as for instance Dr. John Ryan's *Irish Monasticism* on the monastic system in Ireland and, even more so, Grisar and Denifle on Luther would have saved the writer from some errors in his chapter on Luther, wherein Preserved Smith is allowed too free a fling. Catholic scholarship

has by now reached a place in the sun which is neglected only at the sacrifice of scientific and historical accuracy.

There are errors of omission, commission and interpretation. Following Renan and Harnack, the author's comments on the Christian Church are sometimes startling and unfounded, as when he says that the early Church "was engaged in converting men to Judaism rather than away from it." Following Renan, he asserts it was the Gnostics that made Christianity a religion. Paul believed in the Divinity of Christ, but not the Twelve Apostles. This and much more asserted on the word of Renan.

WILLIAM J. BENN

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

THE LAST GENRO. By Bunji Omura. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50

THE last Genro of Japan is Prince Saionji, born in 1849, the statesman who, more than any other, has guided Japan through the process of westernization which has been one of the most striking political developments of the last century. Even now in his eighty-ninth year, he acts as Councillor to the Emperor Hirohito. Bunji Omura has written this account of his life in the form of a novel with much conversation and little description, explanation or analysis.

This attempt to render the biography living and appealing does not seem to be a success. The impression gained by reading endless trivial conversations is that of a very superficial account of a career that ought to have been weighty and illuminating. Very little is gained in the way of a deeper understanding of the Japan of yesterday or today. The author shows an evident lack of power in utilizing either the vital features of his characters or of his situations.

Prince Saionji becomes Cabinet minister, prime minister and finally the elder statesman and "grand old man of the Empire." The story occupies 421 pages but tells us less than a straightforward account could have given in a dozen pages. It is a pity to spoil a biography by presenting it as a romance and it is a delusion to regard all details of a life as equally important and worth the telling. The most appropriate adjective to characterize the book is "trivial" and it does not seem to have particular value for any class of readers.

MOTHER MARY LAWRENCE

AMERICAN VILLAGE. By Edwin Valentine Mitchell.
Stackpole Sons. \$3

THE author, a veteran writer in the field, explores the institutions and the various instrumentalities which merged into the background of early American villages. The result is an account which is engagingly interesting, aided as it is by many noteworthy anecdotes and by numerous pictures taken of Henry Ford's collections in Greenfield Village. Manna to the antiquarian, to the general reader the work offers a superficial survey of certain mental, social and economic factors in early American life. The pervading atmosphere of indifference towards chronology may prove a source of bother to readers who are devoid of antiquarian propensities.

R. CAHILL

SLEEP IN PEACE. By Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

THE theme of this rather long, detailed story of English middle-class families is the lack of understanding between generations. This panoramic novel gives the reader a clear picture of Victorian life in a provincial textile manufacturing town. Miss Bentley artfully depicts the eternal conflict in perspective between parents and children.

The clans of Armistead and Hincliffe, though widely divergent in ideas, are necessarily united through a common enterprise. Through the eyes of Laura Armistead,

the principal character, beginning with her own childhood, the story stresses the struggle for individual self-expression paramount in her generation, which is totally misunderstood again in the succeeding era.

Although lengthy and somewhat involved, the delineation is at all times engrossing, especially when it touches upon the great war and post-war attitude of the people of rural England.

The enthusiastic following already acquired by Miss Phyllis Bentley, through her previous novels, *Inheritance* and *Freedom, Farewell*, will be more than delighted with her latest sympathetic work.

JANE FRANCES MULLEN

THE DAUGHTERS OF DOMINIC ON LONG ISLAND. By Eugene J. Crawford. Benziger Brothers. \$3.50

READERS who care for pioneer church history will find an interesting chapter treated in this book. The Daughters of Dominic, in the persons of four zealous nuns from Ratisbon, Germany, began their apostolate on Long Island in 1853—this September therefore will mark the eighty-fifth anniversary of their coming. Now they number over a thousand in the Diocese of Brooklyn alone, while almost four thousand more, all of whom can trace the origin of their communities to Ratisbon through Brooklyn, are widespread throughout the country. But the years of growth were filled with hardships of every kind and rich in opportunities for the practice of heroism, years when the United States was emerging from its category of missionary land; yet during this time they established an astonishing number of schools, hospitals and orphanages, wherein their Christ-like charity exemplified the spirit of the rule that animated them.

Father Crawford has explored deeply among the records and archives of the Order and spared no labor in assembling and collating letters and documents, a labor made the more difficult by the fact that most of them were in German. He is a painstaking, careful historian as the notes, appendix and bibliography bear witness; and he is, moreover, specially qualified to write on the subject by his office of chaplain to the Dominican Novitiate at Amityville. It may be added, he does not write for detached and critical readers: rather for the family circle in which a little exuberance is understood. There are thirty-one illustrations and a foreword by Bishop Molloy.

PAULA KURTH

CREATIVE REVOLUTION. By J. F. T. Prince. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$1.50

ONLY when a doctrine has worked out to its full implications do we realize how much dynamite it may contain. The *Savoyard Vicar* of J. J. Rousseau seemed to most of its contemporaries as just another speculation; few could foresee the world-shaking events to which it gave rise. Did the contemporaries of Saint Augustine dream of all that would be built upon the *City of God*? Future generations will doubtless say the same of the encyclicals of the recent Popes. They will remark how little we understand of the revolutionary import of such a document as the *Quadragesimo Anno* or the *Divini Redemptoris*.

The term "creative revolution," employed by Father Prince, explains itself. In this expression is epitomized the constructive, regenerative genius of Christianity as opposed to the essentially destructive nature of atheism and all social panaceas built thereon. Father Prince's essay on the Church's answer to Communism's challenge is built chiefly around two themes: the inner contradictions and essential weakness of Communistic messianism, and the constructive, regenerative revolution proposed in the Encyclical of Pius XI on Atheistic Communism, the *Divini Redemptoris*. The author has made a careful and intelligent study of this document. He develops its principal passages in a sort of current exegesis. His work should be on the reading list of any study club devoted to the social Encyclicals, should prove invaluable in the classroom and will be found exceedingly helpful by the pulpit lecturer.

J. L. BRENTON

THEATRE

SUMMER HOLDOVERS. A list of the plays which are pretty sure to continue on the New York stage during the entire summer season is also, in part, a list of the best New York plays of the year. But only in part. Several winter successes still make one marvel over their survival till spring.

To me the New York critics' choice of *Mice and Men* as the best play of the year was the most astounding phenomenon of the theatrical season, just as the Pulitzer Prize award to *Our Town* was one of the most gratifying. I have never been able to understand the unusual success of *Mice and Men*; and not one of the dozens of highly intelligent men and women I have discussed it with have understood it, either. Yet we have all been forced to admit that it was an unusual success, and that it must have held some special merit which we were unable to detect. Neither did we deny the excellence of the acting. But fine acting is such a gratifying commonplace on the New York stage that the inspired playing in *Mice and Men* hardly enters into the problem of its reception. At least a dozen times this winter most of us have attended plays so bad that they were taken off the boards in a week or two, yet which were very admirably acted and produced.

Accepting for the moment the length of a play's run as evidence of its merit, let us consider what we have left over for the summer. Here is the probable schedule, announced as I write these comments but which of course may be changed any day:

Shadow and Substance; *Our Town*; *On Borrowed Time*; *I'd Rather Be Right*; *I Married an Angel*; *Pins and Needles*; *Bachelor Born*; *Whiteoaks*; *What a Life*; *Tobacco Road*; *Room Service*; *You Can't Take It With You*; *The Women*; *The Circle*; *Two Bouquets*.

Now let us make a guess as to what will really happen to these plays. Of the fifteen on the list the first six will almost certainly be with us all summer and perhaps all of next winter as well. *Shadow and Substance*, the great Catholic play, has every quality to deserve its striking success. It has a big theme, it is finely written, and the acting of its entire cast is among the very best on our stage. This is saying much, for we have had a brilliant season. The same tributes can be paid to *Our Town*. Those two plays will live in theatrical history. Aside from the acting of Dudley Digges and Peter Holden, which is superb, I have not been able to fully share the enthusiasm of my colleagues for *On Borrowed Time*. As a play it holds my interest but never deeply stirs me. *I'd Rather Be Right* is the jolliest sort of a musical lark, and so is *Pins and Needles*. *I Married an Angel* has its weaknesses, but it is gorgeous entertainment and the prediction of a long run for it is pretty safe. *Whiteoaks*, which owes its success to Ethel Barrymore's magnificent acting, is scheduled to leave immediately for its road tour.

The fate of the remaining plays on the so-called "summer list" is not so easy to predict. *Bachelor Born* is a delightful comedy. So is *What a Life*. They ought to survive and probably they will. *You Can't Take It With You*, *The Circle*, and *The Women* have all been repeatedly described as ready to start their road tours; but immediately the crowd rushed to see them before they went, and the date of their withdrawal is still indefinite. *Tobacco Road*, entering on its fifth year, seems destined to go on forever. So does *Room Service*. *The Two Bouquets*, superbly produced and acted, is still too young to make predictions about, although this fragile and delicate play is continuing to enchant theatre-goers.

In any case, we shall have plenty on our stage to amuse us—though personally I should like to see a spine-chilling melodrama added to the hot-weather list.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

WHITE BANNERS. This is the third inspirational novel by Lloyd C. Douglas to reach the screen, and it is by far the most entertaining since it has a wealth of human interest to set off its meager spirituality. Director Edmund Goulding has swung the balance of emphasis away from Mr. Douglas' "orchestration of platitudes" and toward a wholly understandable mother and son theme. The first objection to the author's religious motif is that it is never allowed to appear religious; he denies ancient virtues their ancient names and deals in homely "forces" like a Babbitized theosophist. But the production is mechanically perfect and sparks some genuine emotional fireworks. A woman appears out of a winter day to bring order and comfort to the home of a poorly-paid chemistry instructor. The professor invents a refrigeration system with the aid of a student who lets the idea be stolen. But the invention is saved through the inspiration of the strange housekeeper who thereupon departs without revealing the fact that she is the neglectful boy's mother. There is a good deal of explanatory talk which slightly impedes the action but Fay Bainter suffuses the whole affair with a glowingly sincere characterization. Claude Rains is equally fine and Kay Johnson, Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper are first-rate helps. This is recommended for family patronage. (Warner)

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION. A district attorney learns Portia's lesson through personal experience in this well-knit and expertly acted production. The story, done over from an earlier Peter B. Kyne novel, relates the humanizing of a prosecutor who has become automatic in his pursuit of justice. While demanding the extreme penalty for a bewildered professor who has killed his wife in a fit of jealous rage, he finds himself on the verge of murder when he is led to suspect his own wife of infidelity. The experience shows him the difference between premeditation and impulse and he changes his indictment and goes holidaying with his blameless spouse. Suspense and an even development of the plot sustain interest and the convincing tone of the picture is further strengthened by the very able work of Warren William, Gail Patrick and Ralph Morgan. (Universal)

WHEN WERE YOU BORN. Astrology, an ancient and modern superstition, is credited with the solution of a baffling murder in this exciting thriller with Oriental trimmings. Horror is fought with horoscope when a Chinese seeress, on board an ocean liner for San Francisco, foretells the slaying of one of her countrymen ashore. Suspected by the police, who are not quite convinced of the magical properties of the zodiac, she demonstrates her innocence by scanning the stars for the real culprit. Of course this is all melodramatic hokum, and not to be blamed for anything else, but the fact that astrology in this country is supported by millions of dollars in fees yearly might give pause to the movie-makers in the selection of such subjects. Anyone who is capable of trusting the crystal ball for a dollar may consider this a serious affirmation. At the least, it is too good advertising for spiritual racketeers. Anna May Wong and Margaret Lindsay are featured in this adult mystery. (Warner)

NUMBERED WOMAN. An implausible but nonetheless diverting detective yarn, this is obviously headed for double-feature billing. But its lack of stars is made up grandly by energetic performances by Sally Blaine and Clay Clement. When a young bank clerk is used by a gang of bond thieves and lands in prison, his sleuthing sister joins forces with the police and captures the swindlers. Mayo Methot and Lloyd Hughes are also in this adult film. (Monogram) **THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS**

EVENTS

NEW forms of outdoor relaxation seemed to be growing in popularity. . . . Three Indiana youths shooting at passers-by with high-powered air rifles found genuine recreation in the spectacle of jumping pedestrians until police interfered with the pastime. . . . The mounting number of false fire alarms in large cities seemed to imply a widespread effort by citizens to get away from it all through this form of fresh-air exercise. On one day last week more false alarms were rung up than have been registered since New Year's Day, which is the most popular twenty-four-hour period for devotees of this outdoor sport. . . . A lawsuit caused by a can of beans was reported in an Eastern city. A resident, after purchasing the beans, decided he would hurl the can from the street up to his apartment window rather than carry it up. He hurled. The can flew up, then flew down on the skull of a woman pedestrian who brought suit for \$1,000. . . . Honest mistakes were recorded. As a car stood in a Massachusetts filling station, it caught fire. A well-meaning spectator poured a bucket of gasoline over the flames. . . . In Michigan, a wrecking company moved the wrong house. The family, returning at night, found their home gone, they knew not whither. . . . A ring of counterfeiters committed a solecism when they dressed Lincoln in a dirty shirt on their new bogus five-dollar bills. On the genuine bills Lincoln wears a clean shirt, said to be his usual practice during life. . . . How unobservant some people are was demonstrated in the East. A man discovered he had been going around for thirty-seven years with a broken neck without noticing it. An X-ray taken for another reason revealed the neck defect. . . . Incoming reports from various sections of the country indicate the custom of biting policemen is increasing. Police authorities were taking steps to halt the tendency. . . . Matrimonial disharmony had not been completely eliminated up to last week. A French husband, who does not relish cat meat, sued for divorce when he found his frugal wife had been catching stray cats around the neighborhood, serving them up, roasted, for his meat course at dinner. . . . A New England woman, seeking divorce, declared her husband's income was barely sufficient to support himself and his fifteen dogs, could not be stretched to support her. The husband was sorry but could see no solution. . . .

Spectacular crime punctuated the news. In Illinois an eight-year-old boy pushed a loaded gun in an adult's vest, barked: "Throw up your hands. This is a stick-up." Daring police later trapped the youthful gunman. . . . In California a burglar stole seven shirts of assorted sizes. He was captured, given seven years, one year for each shirt. . . . The great perfection to which burglar alarms have been brought was demonstrated in Atlanta. A thief entered a pants' factory to steal pants. He slipped, unintentionally fell through a skylight. His voyage through the skylight set off the burglar alarm, the sprinkler system, the fire alarm, the siren. Disturbed by all the commotion, the thief escaped. . . . In Oregon a deaf man fell twenty-five feet, landing on one ear. To his amazement, he discovered his hearing was completely restored. New methods of treating deafness may arise from the incident, it is believed. . . .

The power of persistent advertising was seen in the Far West. Thirty-two years ago, a farmer lost a valuable watch, an heirloom. At various intervals ever since he placed advertisements in the lost-and-found sections. Last week, his watch was found, returned to him. Thirty-six years ago, he lost an old family umbrella. He did not advertise for it. Up to last week, it had not been returned. He is gradually losing all hope of seeing it again.

THE PARADER